

The Sketch

No. 915.—Vol. LXXI.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 10, 1910

SIXPENCE.



IN HER DIVERS POSITIONS: Mlle. MYRMA.

Mlle. Myrma is making her English début at the Palace, where she is giving a novel exhibition of diving and swimming. Our photograph shows her in all the positions she adopts during her performance. An oval-shaped tank measuring eighteen feet by twelve, having a depth of eight feet, and holding eleven thousand five hundred gallons of water, has been sunk into the stage for her "turn." The water is supplied from the artesian well sunk some 500 feet below the Palace stage itself.

Photograph exclusive to "The Sketch."



MOTLEY NOTES

By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot")



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"



"GORSE COTTAGE."

An Anniversary of no Importance.

I have just remembered, friend the reader, that to-day—that is, the day on which this issue of the *Sketch* reaches your hands—is an anniversary. Not by any means an important anniversary, but one of considerable interest to me, and, perhaps, of some small interest to you. I have remembered that it is exactly eleven years since I became a regular contributor to this journal. On the ninth of August, 1899, I made my first appearance in these columns as a member of the literary staff. (I do not count the one or two stray things that I had had the honour of contributing before that date). Since that date, I have not, so far as I can remember, missed a single issue. Mind you, I am not attempting to pose as a Fleet Street veteran. My friend Mr. George R. Sims has written his "Mustard and Cress," that famous feature of the *Referee*, for thirty-two years, I believe, without a break. There may be other writers of causeries in London or the provinces whose unbroken record is even longer. I look upon my little eleven years merely as a fairly satisfactory beginning. Though the older generation will think nothing of it, the younger generation will not be able to sniff quite so easily. However, I have no wish to appear arrogant. I frankly recognise that, if it comes to a question of endurance, the prize, friend the reader, must go to you.

Keeping It Up.

"How do you find things to write about?" That is a question I am often asked. I can only reply that I never do find things to write about. Finding, in that sense, implies searching, and it will be a very miserable "Sketch Day" for me when I have to search for subjects. I rely entirely upon the mood of the moment and the thoughts that are uppermost in my mind when I sit down to write. Invested in my motley, I am given leave to speak my mind. I have been told, by brother-writers, that I have no mind. The quotation that stands at the head of this page challenges that criticism. When I requested the late Tom Browne to add those words to his brilliant little drawing, I knew well enough that I could expect that jest, nor was I disappointed. Forewarned is forearmed, and the arrows did not inflict mortal injury. Whatever the thing may be that I have in place of a mind, I continue to speak it, week in week out, by the courtesy of yourself and my editor. If you pay me the compliment of reading these Notes with any sort of consistency, you will have noticed that I make no frantic attempts to be funny. Had I done so, I fancy that I should have disappeared long, long ago, not only from these columns, but also from the haunts of mortal man. There is much virtue, as the envious Jaques recognised, in a motley garb.

"You."

There are, of course, endless things to learn in this business of writing, as in all other businesses, and few writers have the genius or sufficient length of life to master them all. If I had to address a class of very young students on the subject—as I never shall—I would try to impress upon them the importance of the word "you." That is why I always address myself, friend the reader, to you. "You" is the best collaborator a writer can have. He must, all the same, be the right "you." You, friend the reader, are the only possible "you." Many writers, I notice, ignore you. They write for each other, to compel the admiration and astonishment of each other: the result, I fancy, must be very tiresome for you. There are subtle tricks of the trade in writing, just as in, say, engineering, and they appeal to nobody but the followers of that trade. There was once an engineer who was too precious for his public. He constructed an engine to

astonish his fellow-craftsmen. He spent years and years over the matter. In the end, he turned out something that was highly original and fearfully ingenious. "There!" he cried. "Now you can see how clever I am!" His fellow-craftsmen were full of admiration—all but one. This one, a blunt fellow, asked: "Will it go?" They shouted him down. "Philistine!" they cried. "Of course it won't go, but what of that?"

The Writer and the Real Man.

Another piece of advice that I would give to that class of extremely young students is this: "Never attempt to live up to your writings." A writer should always be—must always be, if he is a conscientious writer—inferior to his writings. (The craft will exclaim, with much nodding and winking, that, in certain cases they could name, the writer would then be an inferior creature indeed. What matter? Have we not dealt with the craft?) Every writer must have been told, I suppose, at some time or another, that he must be an arrant humbug, since he does not combine in himself the virtues of all his noblest characters. Poor devil! It would be just as fair to censure a marksman for shooting less accurately in the heat of the battle than when practising at the butts. When the writer is alone in his study, with the door shut and the outer world banished (always excepting the piano underneath and the dog in the yard below), the best that is in him comes to the surface. He can lay bare his heart, for there are no daws to peck at it. If he thinks, though, that he can carry that sublime mood into the outer world, he will make a great and a bitter mistake. The real man is never the writer that you meet at a public dinner, or some horrible function of the kind, but the writer that you meet in his best work.

Foul Words for Foul Ears.

There have been two cases in the newspapers lately of far greater human interest than all this sordid Crippen stuff. In one case a woman was sentenced to a term of imprisonment for writing libellous postcards. In the other, a schoolboy was acquitted of an apparently absurd charge of having stolen a postal order. A very interesting and a very human leader on the first case appeared in the *Daily Telegraph*. "The great thing," said the writer, "is never to listen to evil gossip, however dexterous; to defamatory suggestion, however plausible, unless proof is brought forward. All persons should act upon this principle. Few apply it as rigidly as they should." That is fine, and could scarcely have been better or more simply put. But I am not with him so whole-heartedly when he says: "There is no worse mischief than this. It should be far more vigilantly and ruthlessly pursued upon every occasion when there is a chance of bringing it to book." That seems to me rather like an attempt to restore the colour of health to the cheeks by adding rouge. It is the system that must be cleansed, the constitution that must be built up. Take the sickly patient into the pure airs of heaven, and there will be small need of rouge. The clean-living man or woman has little relish for malicious gossip. So far as he or she is concerned, it dies of inanition.

Do Parents Think?

I have an old theory that parents are not half careful enough about the education of the individual child. A boy is packed off to school just as carelessly as he is packed off to bed. If he is in any way different from other boys, it is taken for granted that "school will knock all that nonsense out of him." But will it? And is it, necessarily, nonsense? The average school is for the average boy. Schoolmasters dislike the exceptional boy. He spoils the line.

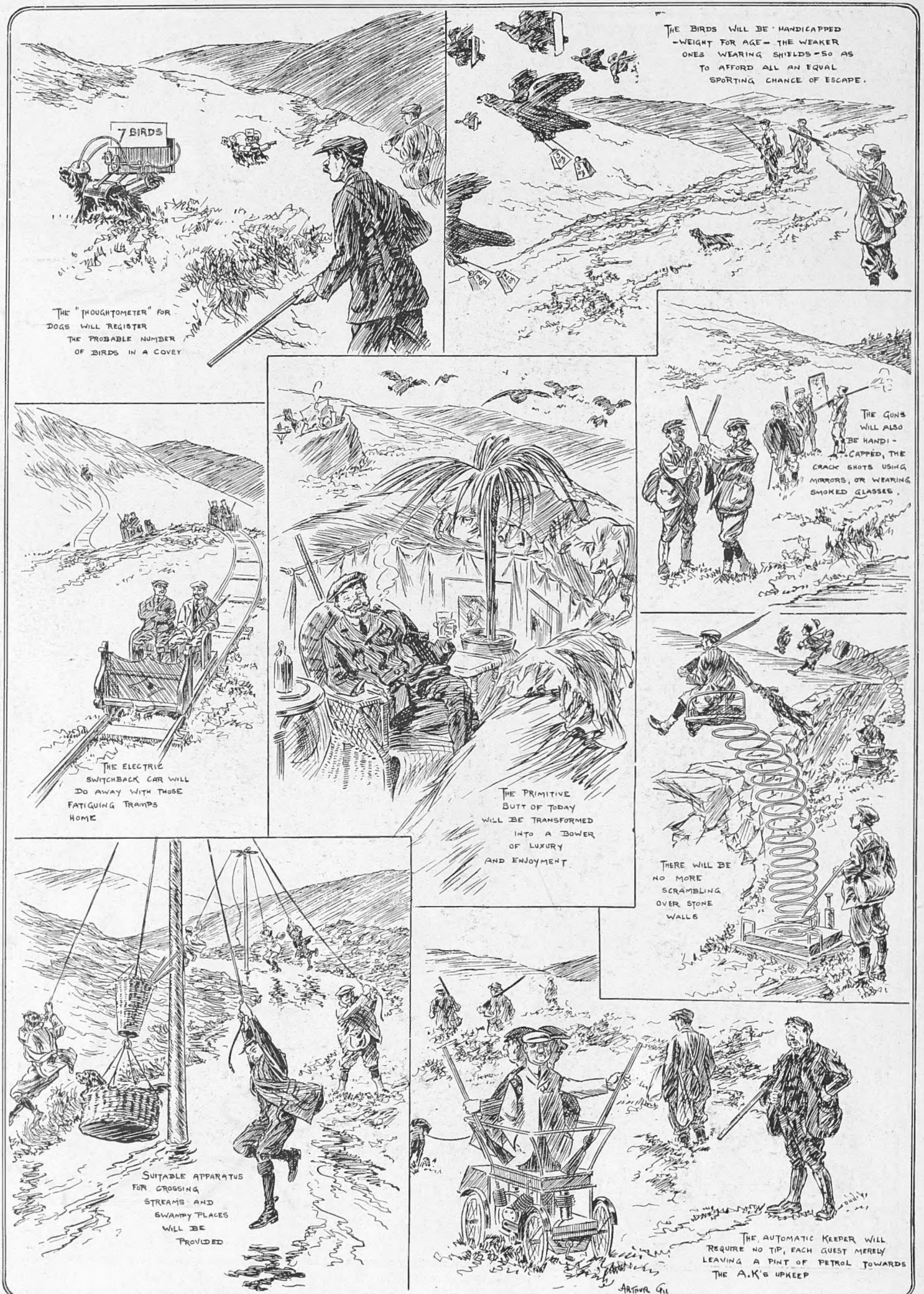
THE JUDGMENT OF — FOLKESTONE: ENGLAND'S BEAUTY QUEEN.



A REGULAR ROYAL QUEEN—FOR A YEAR: MISS WHITTAKER; AND OTHER WINNERS OF PRIZES.
SKETCHES BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

It is fitting that "a bright and beautiful English girl" should reign over this country as Beauty Queen of England, and Miss Mamie Whittaker, of Hyde Park Gate, is to be congratulated on her accession to the throne as the result of the recent beauty competition at Folkestone. As English Queen of Beauty, Miss Whittaker is entitled to wear for one year a crown and a royal robe, valued at £50. She will also enjoy a tangible kind of royalty—on the sale of her picture postcards, and it is said that she has been offered a part in the United States tour of "Mr. Preedy and the Countess." It has been arranged that Miss Whittaker and the next five in order of voting shall compete on Friday against foreign queens and representatives in an International Beauty Show at Folkestone.

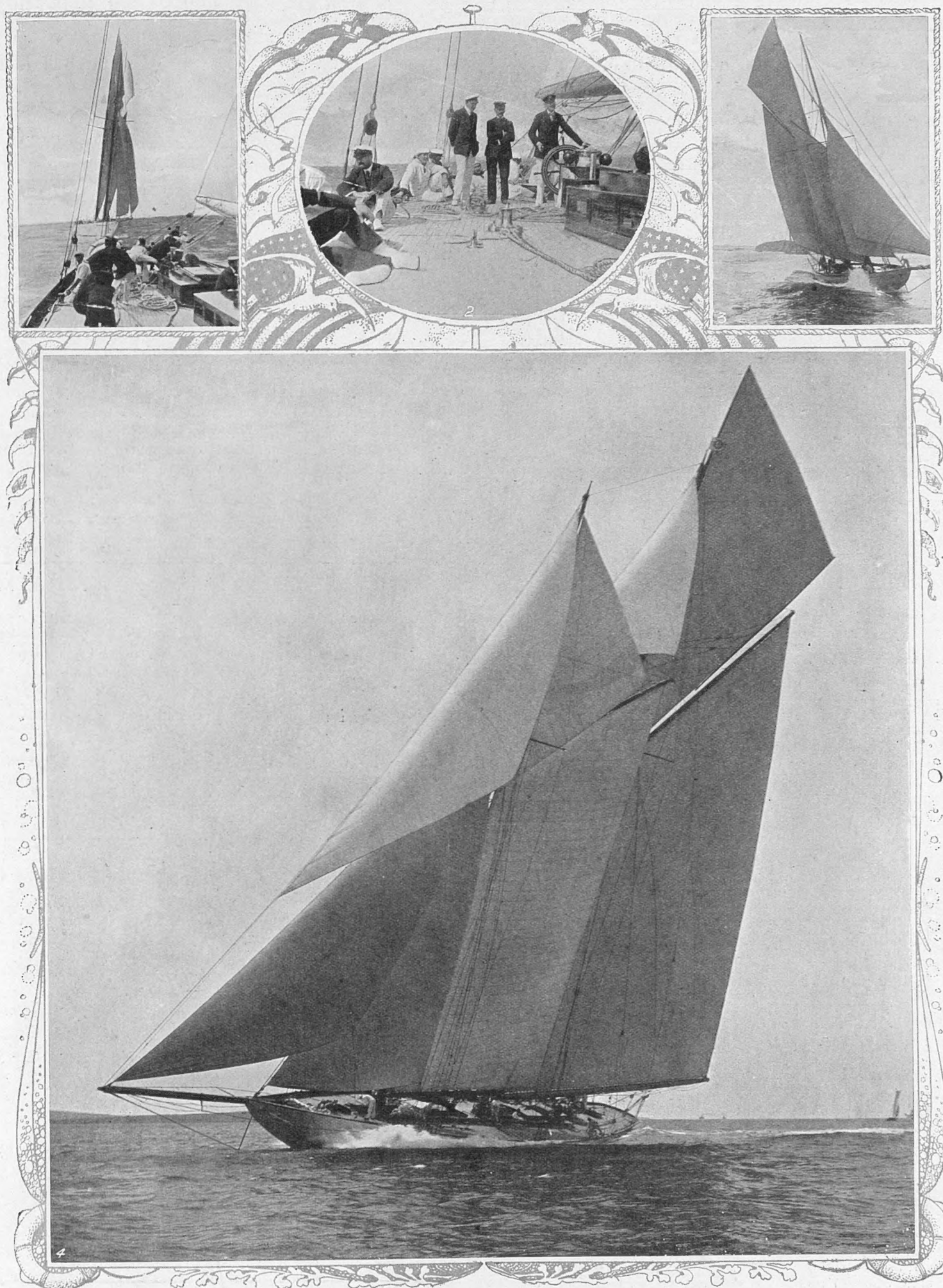
NOTHING TO GROUSE ABOUT THEN: HOW SHOOTING MIGHT BE IMPROVED.



WHEN MECHANISM CLAIMS ITS OWN—AND GETS IT IN FULL MEASURE: THE TWELFTH
AS IT MAY BE IN A YEAR OR TWO.

DRAWN BY ARTHUR GILL.

"A THING OF MELODY AND POETRY": THE AMERICAN "DREAM-SHIP,"
THE SCHOONER "WESTWARD," THE ACKNOWLEDGED BELLE OF COWES.



1. PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE "WESTWARD": THE "GERMANIA" ALMOST FOULS THE "WESTWARD" IN ROUNDING THE EASTWARD BUOY.

2. ABOARD THE "WESTWARD": MR. COCHRAN, THE OWNER, AT THE WHEEL, CAPTAIN BARR, AND MR. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT (SITTING; WITH BEARD).

3. PHOTOGRAPHED DURING A TRIP OF MR. COCHRAN'S SUPERB SCHOONER "WESTWARD," THE BELLE OF COWES: THE SCHOONER "SUSANNE."

4. RACING AT COWES: THE "WESTWARD."

There is no doubt that the "Westward" was the belle of Cowes. A "Chronicle" has called her the "American dream-ship," and has written of her: "when her canvas was spread to the wind she was acknowledged by Mr. Cochran and claimed by Mr. Herreshof to be a thing of melody and poetry—a dream-ship as perfect in the beauty of line and form as, in another way, the Venus de Milo . . . I think the 'Westward' should have been called the 'White Knight,' for she comes to us like a knight-errant. Across the Atlantic she came, not in fair weather, but with an ugly sea running and half a gale blowing." The same writer says: "Herreshof was inspired with a masterpiece. Every line of her was a stroke of genius."—[Photographs by Kirk and Sons and Sports Company.]

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SPECIAL NOTE TO CONTRIBUTORS TO "THE SKETCH."

Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor of "The Sketch," and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders, but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent to him.

Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and address of the sender legibly written. In the case of batches of photographs and drawings, the name and address should be written on each photograph or drawing.

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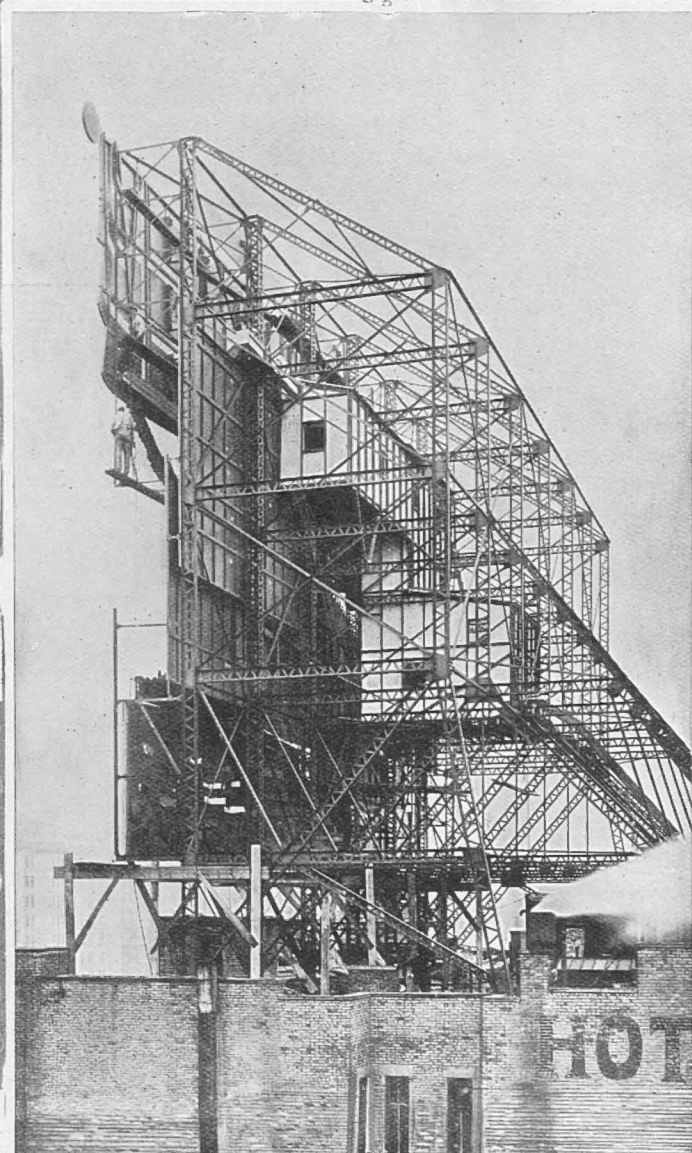
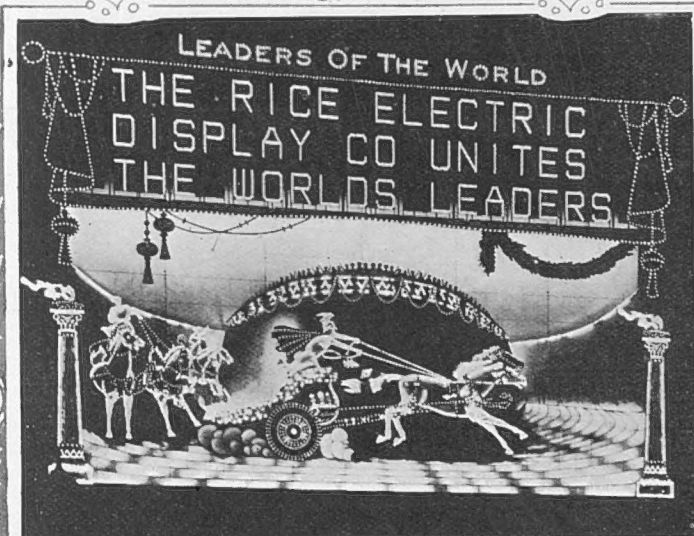
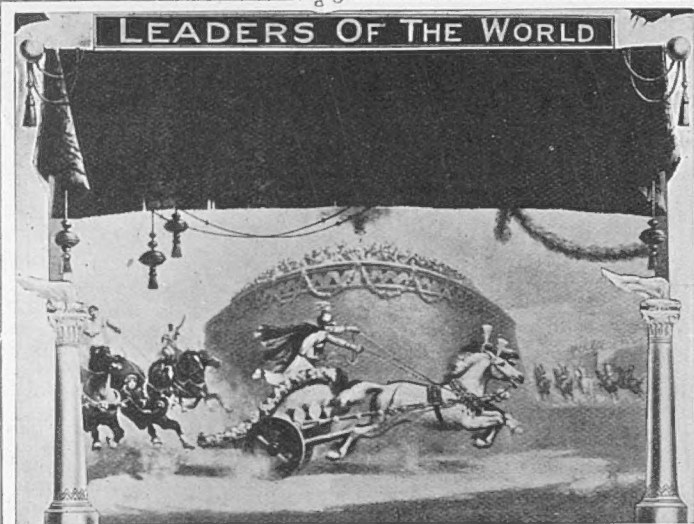
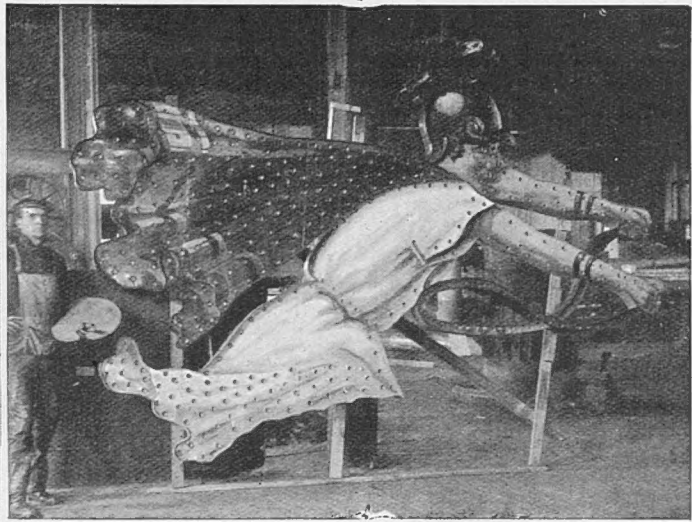
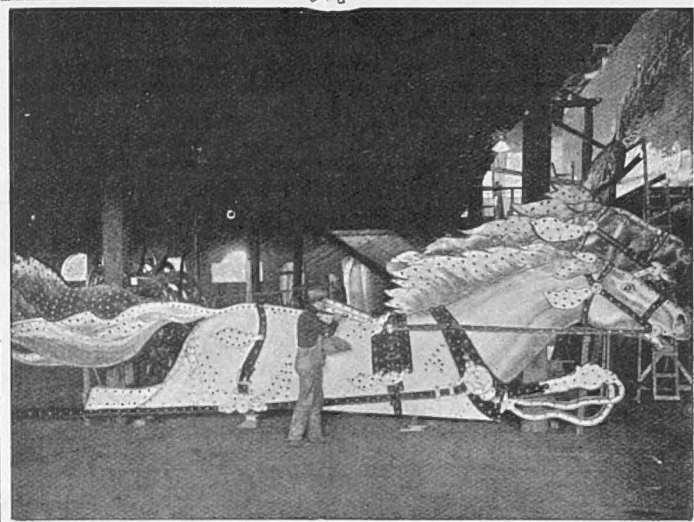
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A 600 - H.P. TWO - HORSE CHARIOT :

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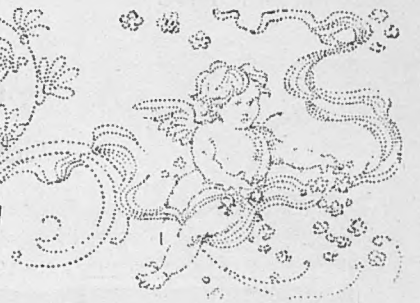
1. THE TWO "HEROIC" HORSES OF THE LARGEST ELECTRIC SIGN IN THE WORLD.
2. THE DRIVER OF THE CHARIOT, SHOWING THE PLACES FOR THE ELECTRIC LIGHTS.
3. THE SIGN (WHICH RISES 72 FEET IN THE AIR) IN POSITION OVER THIRTY-EIGHTH STREET AND BROADWAY.

4. A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE SIGN LIT UP AT MIDNIGHT BY ITS 20,000 BULBS.
5. THE ELABORATE FRAMEWORK OF THE SIGN: A THREE-STORY STRUCTURE.

We have been furnished with the following particulars of the sign illustrated, which is described as "the world's greatest electrical display." "It is in New York and is situated on Thirty-Eighth Street and Broadway. It requires 600-horse-power to operate, and contains about 20,000 electric bulbs, or ten times as many as the largest electric sign which had previously been erected on Broadway. It rises 72 feet in the air, or to the height of seven storeys of an ordinary building; it is one-third of a City block wide; it needed 500,000 feet of wire—nearly 95 miles—and 70,000 electrical connections. The sign, when lighted, appears to move with the action of real life. This is accomplished by the flashing of electric lights at the rate of 2500 flashes per minute, and it involves the use of 2750 electric switches. The colour-scheme shows a golden chariot with scarlet wheels, the chariot being decorated with scarlet, pink, white and yellow roses. The charioteer is dressed in white with a scarlet mantle and a golden helmet. The trappings of all the horses are of gold. A general view of the sign in position is given on our "Clubman" page. In that photograph the building on the right in the foreground is the office of the "New York Herald," and to the right again is the Elevated Railway in Sixth Avenue. Sixth Avenue and Broadway converge at Thirty-Eighth Street, where the photograph was taken.



SMALL TALK



LORD AVEBURY, an authority on winged creatures, did not fail to be interesting on the subject of airships. No man knows quite so much about the bee, or about money, which also flies. His strictures on the "ruinous and insane" policy of competition among the nations in regard to armaments, had immediate reference to departmental coquetting with dirigible balloons and aeroplanes, of which Lord Avebury disapproves even when they are peaceably commissioned. It is a little strange that the man who has set up the bee as an example to man should be the first to try and pull down the flying-man. Lord Avebury is, of course, much interested in another, but lesser, question of the moment—the coinage. He has already had a hand in the Mint, for as a leader among bankers he acted as chairman of the committee that selected the not very select designs of the Edwardian currency.



TO MARRY LIEUTENANT WILFRED NEVILLE CUSTANCE, R.N.; MISS WINIFRED OLIVE CAVE.

Miss Cave is the youngest daughter of Mr. Charles C. Cave, of 13, Cranley Gardens, and the Lower House, Thursley.

Photograph by Ellen Macnaghten.

the battle with the air is a friendly battle with other airmen, and before he started on a memorable flight last week he observed to a friend, "I'm in for a wreck, or a record."

The Exodus. The exodus is completed. Lord and Lady Sefton and their grouse are entertaining friends at Abbeystead; Lord and Lady Pembroke have had a crowd at Wilton Park, and Lord and Lady Castle-reagh were well in the advance-guard of London's fugitives. Mr. Balfour has "gone to Austria," an address almost as safe as Lord Wal-eran's and the Earl of Kin-tore's, who have gone "to the Continent."



ENGAGED TO MARRY CAPTAIN VANDELEUR; THE HON. VIOLET MEYSEY-THOMPSON.

Miss Meysey-Thompson is the eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Knaresborough. She is to be married at the end of October to Captain Vandeleur, 2nd Life Guards, an Irishman, son of the late Mr. Hector Vandeleur of Kiltrush and Cahiracon, Co. Clare.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

Rec. or Record. Mr. Grahame-White's time record in getting into the air indicates how many records may be made and broken in the complicated art of flying. Mr. Grahame-White makes no secret of the joy he finds in rivalry and competition. To him, half



MISTRESS OF THE ROBES TO THE QUEEN: THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE—HER LATEST PORTRAIT.

Her Grace is the niece of the Duke of Abercorn, and the Duchess of Buccleuch, cousin to the Duke of Marlborough, sister to the Marchioness of Waterford, and closely connected with a quarter of the great families of the Peerage.

Photograph by Whitlock and Son.

and Lady Normanton, who in London and at Cowes were hardly allowed to remember the existence of a few-months-old son and heir, returned to Somerley Park to an atmosphere of rejoicing, and to a fête of which the central figure was an infant boy just "shortened." The festivities in honour of Lord Somerton's birth, postponed on account of the death of King Edward, lose nothing from the fact that seven sisters, whose own advents seemed, each in its own day, to be the somewhat perverse blessings of fate, can now take part in them.

Of Great Possessions. Lord Rosebery's eulogy of poverty is a characteristically perverse utterance with which to welcome a grandson

and heir. According to his theory of the hindrance of riches—a theory, by the way, as old as the waters that wash the shores of the Rosebery estates—he should do his best to disinherit Lord and Lady Dalmeny's new-born son. Then, perhaps, he would be the grandsire of a new Burns. But Lord Rosebery has never lived like a poor man, even for twelve months, so he may well be excused in taking no precautions against wealth on behalf of his progeny. Lady Dalmeny, who is the daughter of Lord Henry Grosvenor, was married last year.



TO MARRY MISS WINIFRED OLIVE CAVE; LIEUTENANT WILFRED NEVILLE CUSTANCE, R.N.

Lieutenant Custance, of H.M.S. "Blenheim," is the elder son of Mr. Henry N. Custance, of 34, Tregunter Road and Sandelheath, Salisbury.

Photograph by Ellen Macnaghten.

The Convalescents. Man and Nature having entered upon a compact of mutual convalescence during August, invalids and the weather seemed at the beginning of the month to recover simultaneously. The Duke of Rutland sought the country-side with renewed spirits; Lady Wenlock, quite recovered from the serious operation she underwent some weeks ago, is proving the pleasures of Escrick Park, their place near York, with Lord Wenlock; Lord Yarborough and his sister-in-law, Lady Powis, are both enjoying the late English summer before wintering at Pau; Mr. George Keppel, looking little the worse for an encounter with the surgeons earlier in the year, enjoyed Cowes to the full; and Lady Limerick has returned to Dromore Castle to forget her accident and, if possible, forgive the motor which caused it.

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WIFE OF THE FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY; MRS. REGINALD MCKENNA.

Mrs. McKenna looks remarkably young to be the mother of a fine boy. She is the daughter of Sir Herbert and Lady Jekyll, and is a very fascinating little hostess at the Admiralty. She frequently wears a diamond anchor, apparently to show that she is closely concerned with the Admiralty.

Photograph by Kate Pragnel.

Lord Cadogan and Sir Percy Scott will hardly be so successful in evading circulars and the correspondent with importunate trivialities at Aix-les-Bains.

Hampshire Junketings. The country is in many ways more human and genial than the town, and Lord



YOUNGER DAUGHTER OF LORD AND LADY ONSLOW; LADY DOROTHY WOOD.

Lady Dorothy is the wife of Viscount and Viscountess Halifax's only surviving son. She is now the mother of twin daughters. Lady Dorothy had a pretty country wedding in September of last year at Clandon Park, the family place near Guildford.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

DEVIL - ME - CARE DUNCAN: THE OPEN CHAMPION TO BE?



No. III.—THE MAN WHO DOES NOT ADDRESS HIS BALL: CHARACTERISTIC ATTITUDES OF GEORGE DUNCAN.

There are many ready to swear that George Duncan is an open champion of the near future. Duncan, who was born at Aberdeen, in 1883, was seventh in the Open Championship in 1907. He is peculiar among golfers in that he never addresses his ball.

Photographs by Reinhold Thiele.

CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

EDWARD VII. familiarised the idea of a working monarch; George V. does not intend to let it wane. Not only has he declared his intention of walking in his father's footsteps, but he has fallen into his father's stride with amazing rapidity. When, during a holiday of which men of weaker stamina would have been in need immediately after the multifarious and grievous cares of last May, he looks back upon the events of the summer, he may well marvel that it is only three months since the burdens of rule fell upon his shoulders. Apart from onerous duties connected with the obsequies of his father, he has during his reign done the work of a full year. His Fleet, his Admirals, his hospitals and doctors, his miners and the multitude at large can testify to the place he has already made for himself among the nation's rulers.

The King. As yet, King George is known only as a monarch of grave demeanour and graver interests. The contrast between the Edwardian Court, with its



THE FEMINE HEADS OF A KINGDOM AND OF A REPUBLIC: THE QUEEN OF SPAIN AND MME. FALLIÈRES.

The King and Queen of Spain, travelling on their way to England, were met at Rambouillet by the President of the French Republic and Mme. Fallières, with whom they lunched at the château.—[Photograph by Record Press.]

suspected of another volume of memoirs in the making. Lady Cardigan is no longer young (indeed, on her own showing, she has outlived a long line of suitors), and she has not been oblivious to the animosity aroused in certain quarters by her book; but she is not too old to sail with considerable spirit into the teacup gale she has awakened. The Cowes Week was in every way a breezy one, for even the recapturing of friends may cost a preliminary tossing.

Festina Lente. Lady Dorothy Wood, the mother of twin daughters, is the youngest daughter of Lord Onslow, whose family motto, *Festina lente*, does not seem to provide for any specially happy increase of the family birth-rate. I see that it is translated in the book of the peerage as "Quick without Impetuosity," a rendering much less neat than the well-known heraldic pun, "On Slow." Lady Dorothy married last year the Hon. Edward Wood, eldest son and heir of Lord Halifax. His cousin, Mr. Francis Meynell, also married an Earl's daughter christened Dorothy, and had not that branch

King Alfonso,



King Alfonso



THE MONARCH MOST IN THE MINDS OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC WORLD AT THE MOMENT: THE KING OF SPAIN—AS YACHTSMAN.

The controversy between Spain and the Vatican, which it would seem at the moment is likely to have a serious end, has brought the King of Spain into especial prominence once more. Meantime his Majesty (here shown as yachtsman) is on a visit to this country.—[Photographs by Central News.]

attentive regard for the affairs of the Turf and its ruler's ever-ready and hearty smile, and the new Georgian era of severity and restraint, is very marked. But although in part owing to the differing personality of the two Kings, this contrast is primarily due to the necessarily overshadowed period following King Edward the Seventh's death. Next year King George and England will be in better spirits. Already he has become patron of the Royal Automobile Club and of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews, Admiral of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and, privily, the encourager of all manly sports by land and water. Lord Dunraven already holds a cup presented by his Majesty, who will, before twelve months are up, have again given evidence of his own prowess in all matters that need a quick eye, steady hand, and cool and ready judgment.

Breezes. Lady Cardigan, the most observing of all the observed, is still faithful to Cowes. But, on the principle on which an Anarchist with a bag is suspected of a bomb, she cannot carry so much as a novel or a "milk-book" without being



THE TWO SONS OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF SPAIN: PRINCE ALFONSO AND PRINCE JAIME. Their Majesties have also a daughter, Princess Beatrice. Photograph by Kaulak.

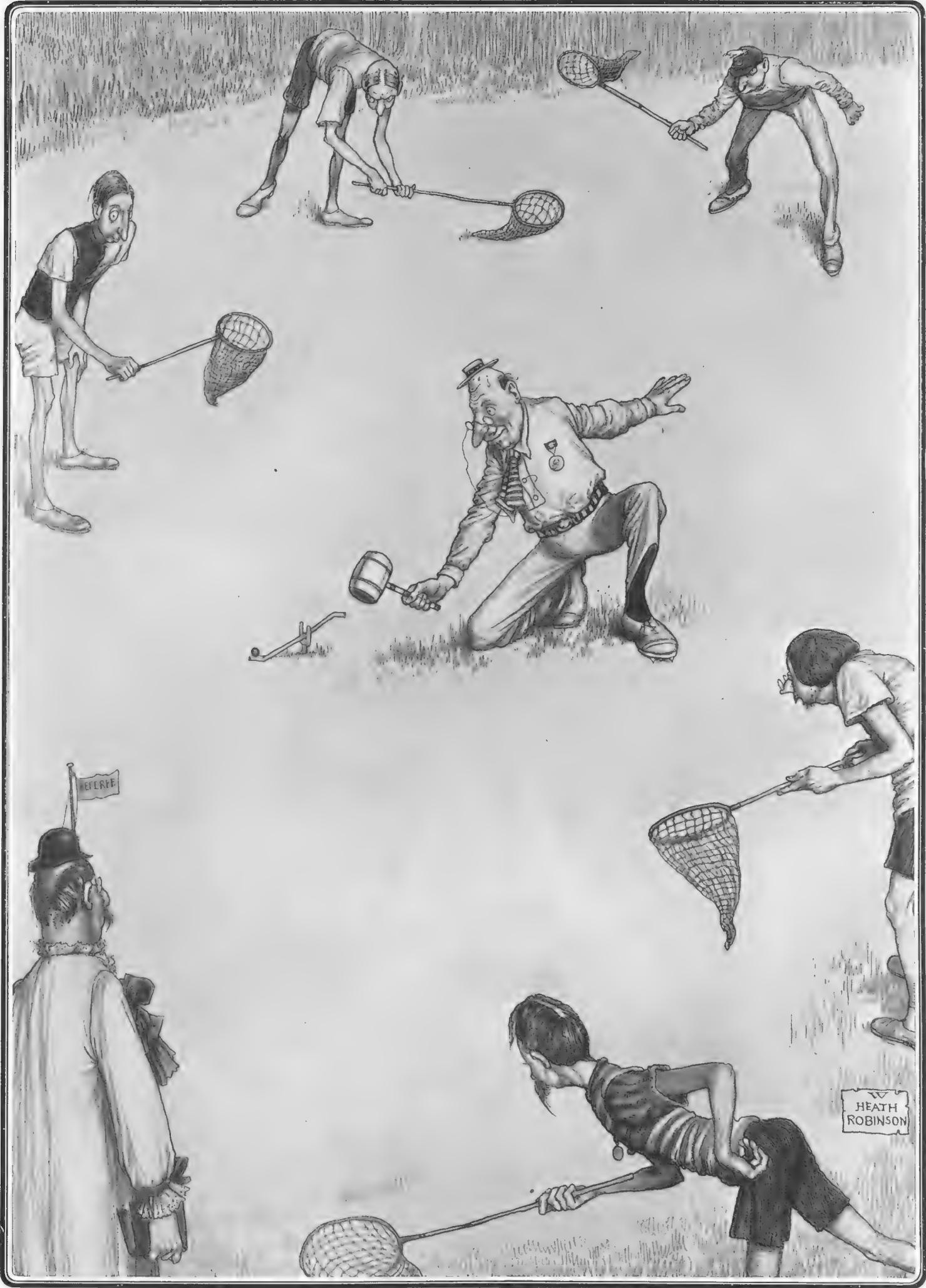
of the Halifax family adopted the name of Meynell, there would have been two Lady Dorothy Woods in the field, or, to make the whole less than a part, in the family tree.

Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat. Lord Lovat, whose engagement to the Hon. Laura Lister is the most interesting event of the closing season, is best remembered for the part he played in the South African War, when, at the head of the Fraser clan, he astonished the Boers with tactics they were little accustomed to at the hands of the ordinary Tommy Atkins and his polite officers. Not since the '45 had there been such a gathering of the Fraser clansmen; but for all that, Lord Lovat is now content to be accounted the best game-shot in Scotland, and to leave soldiering to the regular soldier, save when his country seems to need the special service of her Yeomen. Lord Lovat, whose name is Simon, is not, however, a direct descendant of the Simon Fraser who looks so evilly from Hogarth's canvas, and of whose misdemeanours Lord Lovat himself delights to read in the brilliant pages of Robert Louis Stevenson's "Catriona."

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Little Games for the Holidays—Heath Robinson Invt.



I.—BOUNCING THE BEECHAM—FOR PUBLIC SCHOOL BOYS.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

STAR TURNS

MR. JOHN LAWSON.

AFTER one or two false starts in life, John Lawson began his stage career by joining a Christy Minstrel show. There he learnt to dance and to play the violin and the trombone. Besides all this, he sang songs, played in the sketches, and took his general share in the performances.



THE FAIRY QUEEN IN BARBARIC GARB: MISS ELISE CRAVEN, WHO IS APPEARING AT THE COLISEUM. Little Elise Craven, who, it will be remembered, was the first Fairy Queen of "Pinkie and the Fairies," is again appearing at the Coliseum. She is giving a selection of new dances, including a Greek dance.

From this minstrel show he migrated to others, until he cast his eye on the music-halls. When he was four, his father had died, and, in time, his mother had married again. She was a Jewess, and it is from her he inherits that strong feeling for Judaism which forms the basis of so many of the sketches he has produced. For that reason, too, he is invariably announced as "the Hebrew Actor." His stepfather was a theatrical proprietor in a small way, having theatres in Birkenhead, Bishop-Auckland, and Barrow-in-Furness. He had bought the rights of a play called "Humanity," which had originally been produced

with great success at the Standard Theatre, somewhere about the early 'eighties. It was based on an episode in real life known as "the Northumberland Street Tragedy," which had happened some twenty years earlier, when an Army officer fought a moneylender for thirty-five minutes. The play had been lying dormant for some time when Mr. Lawson's stepfather revived it; but, in spite of its previous record, it failed with him. After his death, Mr. Lawson read it, and thought there were great possibilities in it for the music-halls, but at first he could not get a single soul in the music-hall world to look at it. At length, some twelve years ago, he obtained a date for a week at the Alhambra at Brighton. Happily, he had some money behind him, and he resolved to spend it, if necessary, to secure people to see him and his sketch.

He sent twenty blank cheques to as many managers and agents, asking them to go, at his expense, to Brighton any night during the week to see the show; he bought two boxes for the week to insure that they should have comfortable seats; and, in addition, he lodged fifty pounds with the manager of a restaurant to pay for such wines and other refreshments as they might order during the week. Several people did accept this unusual invitation, but only one of them, an agent, filled in the cheque, making his expenses a trifle under five pounds.

There was a very small house on the opening night, but among the audience was Mrs. Barney Barnato, who was so taken with the song "Only a Jew" that, after the performance, she sent round to ask if she might have a copy of it. That night, before going to bed, Mr. Lawson got out his violin, played the air, and made a copy of the song himself, so that Mrs. Barnato might have it the next day. The fight, which is still talked about, made an extraordinary sensation. There never had been such enthusiasm seen in a music-hall before. The practical upshot of the matter was that, within a few days, the sketch which no one would look at was booked up for twelve months ahead, and John Lawson was thoroughly *lancé*. Its drawing power was vividly shown in a very short time. While playing at the Middlesex Music-Hall, Mr. Lawson also acted it at the West London Theatre, where he put it on with a longer play to make up the evening's entertainment. While he was on a salary at the Middlesex, at the West London he was in partnership with the

proprietor of the theatre, and his share for the week was £155! After that, Mr. Lawson played the sketch consecutively for three years. It has been repeatedly revived, and it is probably still good for an indefinite number of performances. Its success has had to be paid for with Mr. Lawson's blood, for he has been the victim of many serious accidents during the fight, in which he has been so badly cut, on occasions, that he has had to be taken to a hospital on a stretcher to be attended to, and one night his thumb was broken.

In Liverpool, too, there was a terrible catastrophe. In spite of Mr. Lawson's entreaties, the actor who was playing the part of the villain refused to give it up, and one evening he fell dead a few minutes after the curtain had fallen on the sketch. The rumour ran through the city that there had been a real fight on the stage, that Mr. Lawson had actually killed his opponent, and was arrested. Of course, the truth came out at the inquest, where medical evidence showed that the actor would have died within three months even if he had not undergone the exertion of the fight, as his heart was diseased.

So serious is the fight that Mr. Lawson used always to travel four understudies for the villain. The humorous possibilities of this course were seen by a friend, who sent a full-sized coffin to Mr. Lawson, and suggested that it should be toured with the scenery, for use when required.

"Since 'Humanity,' Mr. Lawson has made many productions. Among them are 'The Shield of David,' 'Jew or Gentle,' 'Sally in our Alley' (for the production of which he bought £1500 worth of pictures), and 'The Unwritten Law,' which, based on the Thaw case, was stopped by the L.C.C. on the ground that it was too realistic, although Mr. Lawson declares it was 'miles behind' the realism of the Sicilian Players whom he saw subsequently. In 'The King's Minister' he represented Disraeli, who figured again in 'The King of Palestine,' which he produced on Bank Holiday in Shoreditch, and in the title-part of which he is crowned amid the acclamations of the representatives of the various European Powers. Last, but by no means least—for it holds pride of place in all which he has done—is 'The Monkey's Paw,' which he regards as his most successful piece of work. In it, during the next few weeks, he is to make his American debut, as he has been engaged to open in New York next month. All his friends will join in wishing that he may duplicate in the United States the success he has made in the United Kingdom.



WITH THE 250-GUINEA INSTRUMENT THAT HE PURCHASED FOR THIRTY SHILLINGS: MR. WILL VAN ALLEN, "THE MUSICAL TRAMP," WHO IS APPEARING AT THE PALACE.

A new kind of stringed instrument has been accidentally brought to light by Mr. Will Van Allen, the well-known musician. Mr. Van Allen was walking through one of the by-streets of Chatham when he saw a dilapidated-looking instrument which he thought would suit his "Musical Tramp" entertainment on the music-halls. He inquired the price, and eventually purchased the instrument for thirty shillings. He took it to a well-known firm, and the manager drew attention to the fact that it was too large for a viola and too small for a cello. The instrument was fitted with a long neck, and Mr. Van Allen found that he was able to produce the ordinary effect of a viola with a particularly sweet expression; yet, on the other hand, if necessary, there was hardly any difference in the lower tones from those of a cello. The instrument has been carefully examined by several experts, who think that it was made by an amateur maker about two hundred years ago, and is now worth at least two hundred and fifty guineas. Mr. Van Allen uses the instrument in his "Musical Tramp" entertainment at the Palace Theatre.

Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

"ENGLAND'S TRUMPER": A CHAMPION OF THE CHAMPIONS.



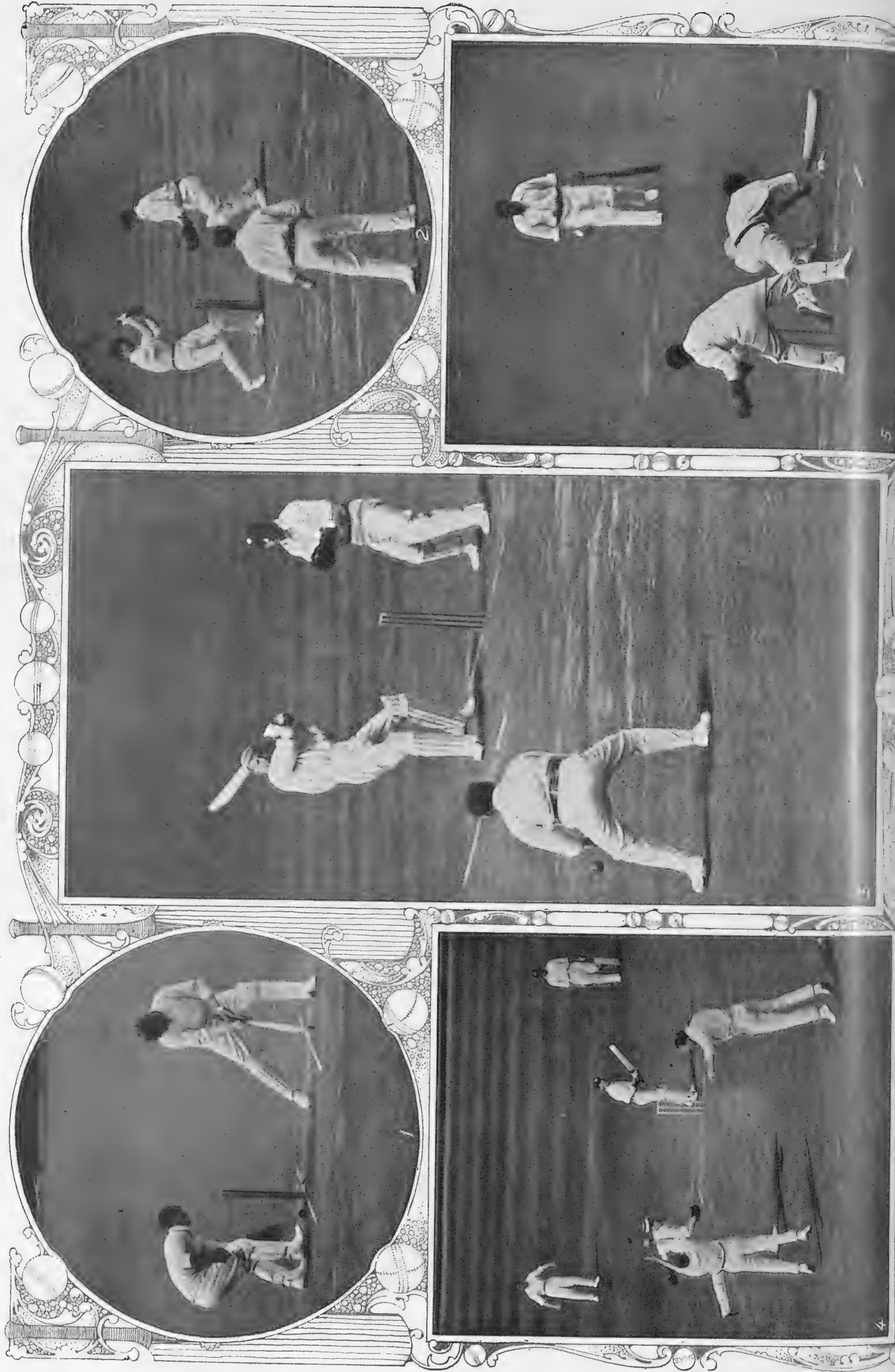
"WITH AN OFF DRIVE LIKE A RACQUET SHOT": MR. K. L. HUTCHINGS, OF KENT.

Mr. K. L. Hutchings, the famous Kentish cricketer who has been called "England's Trumper," was born in 1882, played for Tonbridge School for five seasons, and first appeared for Kent, the present holders of the County Championship, four years ago. Then "he positively astounded the cricket world by a series of such brilliant displays of batting" (we quote the "Cricket Who's Who") "that he was hailed by the critics and authorities generally as one of the finest batsmen ever seen. . . He is a batsman who can rise superior to the state of the wicket, possessing a sound defence, marvellous wrist-power, and cutting with a knife-like precision. With an off drive like a racquet shot, and a scoring stroke for every ball, he is apt to sacrifice his wicket when temporarily out of form. . . . Is a good change bowler and splendid long field."

SKETCHES BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

C. CAMERA! THE DRAMATIC SIDE OF CRICKET.

A REMARKABLE SERIES OF SNAPSHOTS.





1. A NARROW SHAVE.

2. THE WICKET-KEEPER'S CHANCE.

6. NEARLY RUN OUT—A MOST EXCITING MOMENT.



3. A HOT MOMENT FOR SHORT LEG.

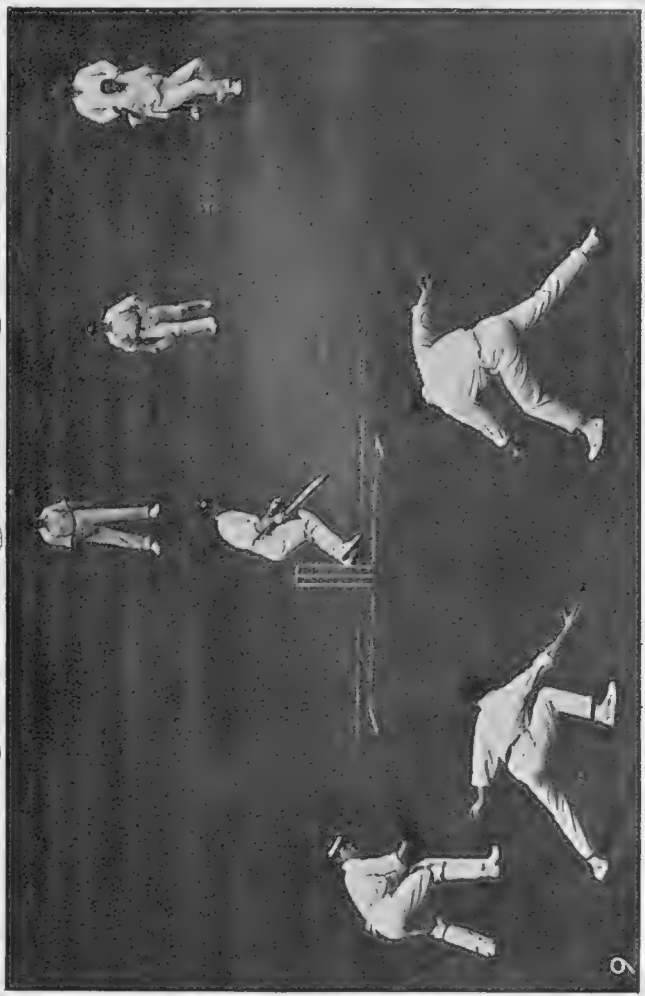
4. A CATCH IN THE SLIPS.

7. STUMPED. 8. MAKING THE STUMPS FLY.



5. "HOW'S THAT?"

9. THROUGH THE SLIPS.



The camera has caught for us some of the dramatic moments of cricket, moments that send a thrill through spectators and players alike, and call for that great hiss of interest that is apt to rise from the crowd on such occasions.—[Photographs by the *Central News*.]

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

A BANK CLERK IN THE GARDEN OF PARADISE.

HOW romance entered into the soul of Galahad Jones, bank clerk, of Sydney, aged forty-nine, a respectable married man with five children, and how a strange adventure befell him in that city, and how he and some others learnt the lesson of life—this is the matter whereof Mr. A. H. Adams, in his new novel,* has to tell. Galahad Jones is a name with incongruous suggestions. It is obvious that a man of the name of Jones is doomed to a commonplace existence; it is equally obvious that a man named Galahad is destined for romance: the two names together promise the humour which is bound to spring from such incongruity. That promise is abundantly fulfilled, the humour of the story gaining much from the illustrations by Mr. Norman Lindsay, the brilliant Australian artist who has lately become a contributor to *Punch*.

Galahad Jones was a "pudgy" little man. (In this country we should say "podgy," but it means just the same thing.) One afternoon he got off early from the bank, and, stirred by some romantic impulse recalled out of old memories by the scent of a flower, went wandering aimlessly through the suburbs of Sydney, and there met the "noble chance" of adventure to which his Christian name had destined him. A letter fluttered down to him from a balcony overhanging a high-walled garden. "He raised his eyes in a puzzled scrutiny to the balcony. A slim white hand showed itself for a moment through the swaying curtains, waved, and withdrew." The letter was addressed in a woman's hand, "To You," and it began—"A woman, in sore need, confidently asks your aid. For only you can help me. I am among enemies, watched and helpless. To-night, at nine o'clock, you must meet me in the garden."

Needless to say, Galahad did meet her in the garden. "He shed his chrysalis: the commonplace, conventional Jones was now a glittering, fair-winged Galahad. In his surprised joy, he knew that he would brave the reproaches of his wife, the hints of the neighbours, the censure of his bank-manager, for another touch of those slim white fingers. He was lost, eternally gone under." But the charms of the siren were not intended for him. It appeared that she was kept shut up by her father because she was very delicate. He would not let her go out, and he had cut off communications with her lover. It was Galahad's quest to re-establish these without the knowledge of the stern parent.

After the first night's garden adventure, Galahad went home, and found his wife asleep in bed. "He noted for the first time . . . how hard her fingers were—hard from the endless work of housekeeping. And suddenly he seemed to see that he, who had married Em for love, had taken a woman and made her a housekeeper . . . Somehow it seemed to Galahad

that he had done Em a tremendous wrong; he had hardened and calloused that once-soft hand, perhaps calloused her soul . . .

"That you, Gally?" she sleepily said. "You're very late." "I've been kept back at the bank," he whispered, and blew out the candle. It was the first real falsehood he had ever told his wife."

Gally's adventure in the Garden of Romance made him tender-hearted towards his wife. He renewed the custom, which had fallen into abeyance, of kissing her as he left home in the morning. This aroused the suspicions of Em, who decided that her Gally had fallen a victim to some designing creature with chemical hair. Hence another strand in the skein of the plot, and there are yet others. The lady of the garden's lover grows tired of her: Gally's eldest daughter has a secret love affair; and these threads, interwoven, complicate the tangle. Then Galahad one night has a thrilling adventure in the garden. The lady's father appears while she is with her reluctant lover, and Galahad, who has brought the lover to the tryst, and is waiting for him, chivalrously allows himself to be pursued in order that they may escape. "In the clear moonlight, as he charged at him, Galahad saw his adversary's face. The man silently and ruthlessly hunting him—this man in whose garden he was an illegal trespasser at a late hour of the night . . . was Mr. Beach, the manager at Galahad's bank! But he had no time for hesitation. Instinctively covering his face with his forearm . . . he rushed at his own bank-manager. There was a shock, a clutch, a grab, a fall. The impetus of Jones had done its

work. . . . Shakily getting to his feet, Galahad tottered down the steps to the wall, clutched its support, and clumsily started to climb round it." The garden, by the way, ran down to the shore of the harbour. Galahad "slipped in his haste, fell into the knee-deep water, and emerged dripping, but safe, on the other side" of the wall. Galahad had escaped, for the time, but in the scuffle he had lost his ferry season-ticket, which might identify him.

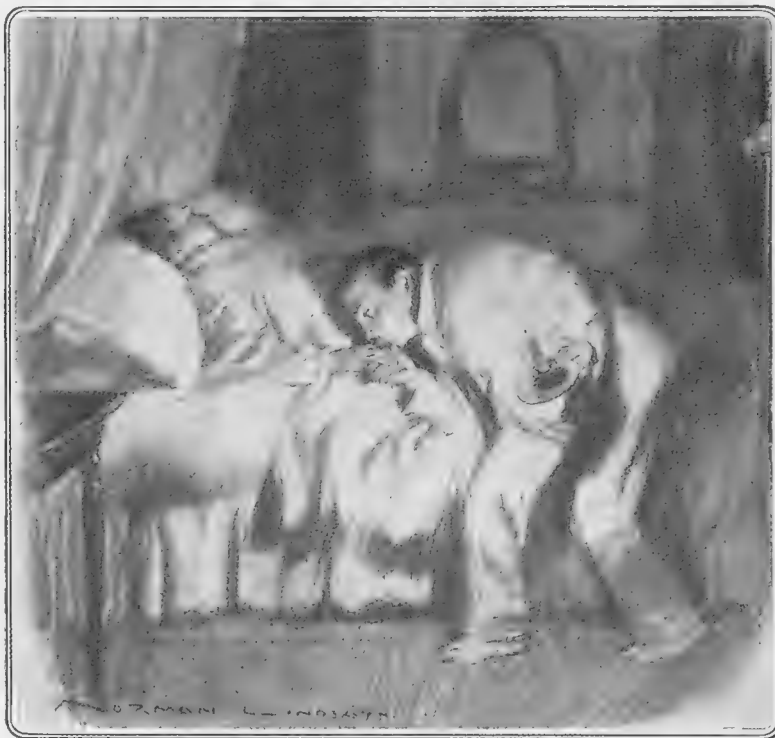
And so the clerkly hero goes on from one adventure to another, becoming ever more of a Galahad and less of Jones. But presently a more serious element enters into the tale. Its precise character it would be unfair to the author and his readers to divulge, but it concerns the lady of the garden. A story which, at its outset and in most of its incidents, is animated by the spirit of farce develops in its later stages into a pathetic little tragedy.

The tangled threads are unravelled in the garden of Galahad's adventure, where all the characters gather for the final scene. "Galahad was looking at Em, her hand in his. The others had all moved silently away. 'Come,' he said softly, 'we must go. We must leave the garden.' So, hand in hand . . . this man and woman went out of the Garden of Paradise into the world."



MIXED BATHING AND MIXED MOTIVES: A QUARTET OF STARTLING RECOGNITIONS.

"As Em and Galahad . . . wiped the water from their eyes, two figures—those of a young man and a girl—that had been swept in from further out put their heads out of the water. There was a short stare of recognition; and then four almost simultaneous cries. A pretty, slim girl called 'Father!' A pudgy ex-bank clerk snorted 'Horace!' An agonised mother spluttered 'Kathie!' A clean-limbed young man groaned 'Mr. Jones!'"



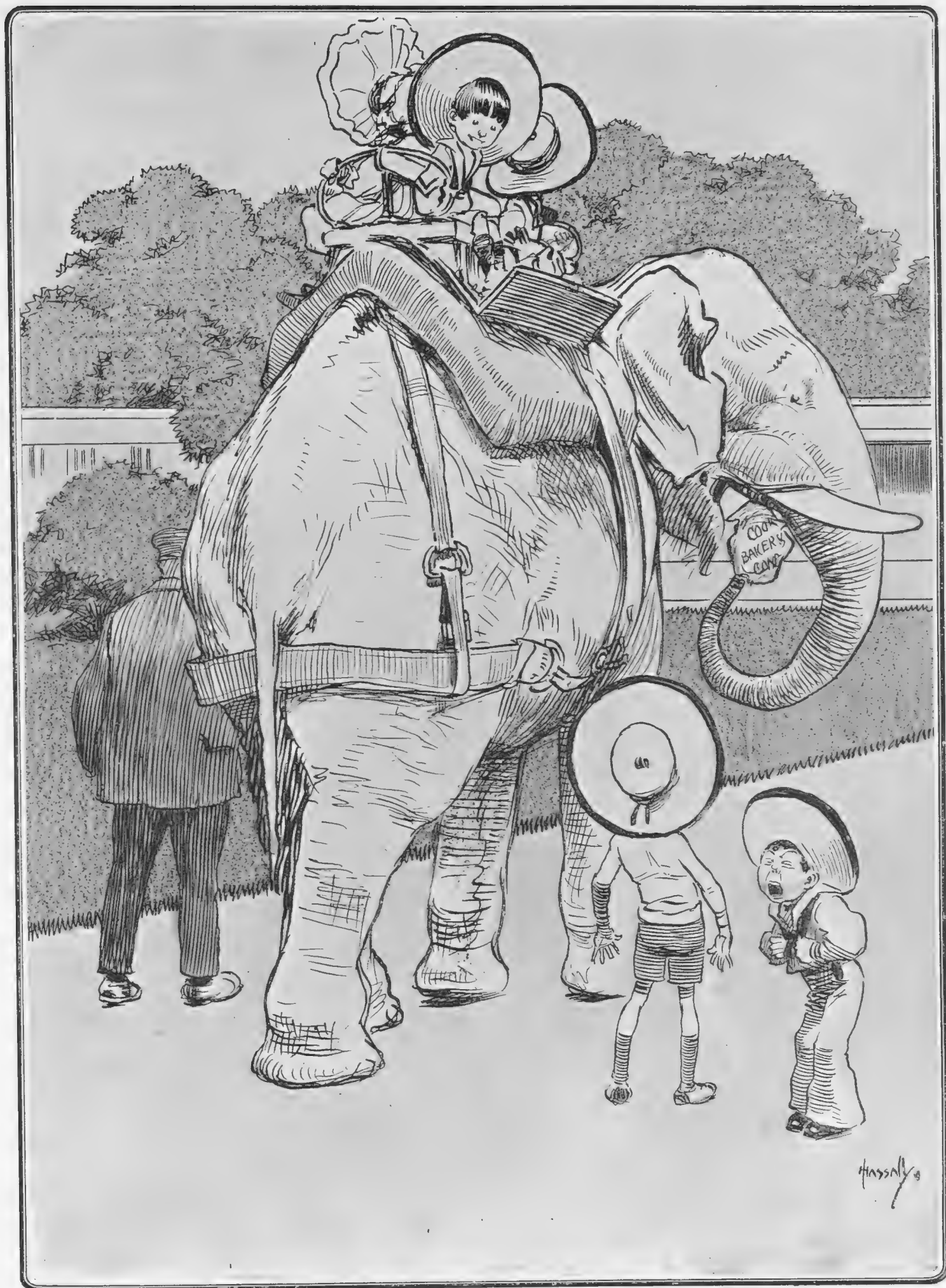
GALAHAD'S REMORSE: THE RETURN TO THE CONJUGAL COUCH.

"Suddenly he seemed to see that he, who had married Em for love, had taken a woman and made her a housekeeper. . . . He had hardened and calloused that once-soft hand. . . . Stepping gingerly to the bedside, somewhat shamefacedly he lifted that tired hand to his lips and kissed it."

Reproduced from Mr. Norman Lindsay's Illustrations to "Galahad Jones," by A. H. Adams, by Courtesy of the Publisher, Mr. John Lane.

* "Galahad Jones." By Arthur H. Adams. Illustrated by Norman Lindsay. (John Lane.)

Some Headings to Our City Notes.



No. III.—A SATISFACTORY TRUNK TAKE.

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE ENGINE.

By MARK ALLERTON.

A WOMAN stood at the end of the platform looking towards a siding on which No. 814, the company's newest and largest engine, stood panting laboriously, and emitting great jets of steam that shone white for a moment in the darkness.

The 11.30 London express was due in a few minutes at Fairleigh Hill Station. It would stop just long enough to exchange the powerful engine that had raced it along the level for No. 814, a more powerful type that had been built to overcome the steepness of the North-country hillside.

Above the wailing of the wind and the hissing of the waiting engine another sound crept up the valley, and the woman turned her head. Away down the line were a red glare and a low murmuring.

There were no passengers on the platform—only during the summer months, when fishermen came to Fairleigh Hill to flog the burns that tumbled down the hillside, were any passengers to be found there—and the station-master approached the woman.

"She's well up to time the night," he said.

"Ay."

The woman's eyes returned to the engine, which had stopped panting and was instead blowing a piercing blast of steam high into the air. She was a young woman, good-looking, unlike the women of Fairleigh Hill, whose faces the winter's winds and snows had hardened till they looked like the faces of men. Instead, she looked gentle, almost fragile, and her small, well-shapen hands, with which she drew her shawl closer round her head, were those of a town girl.

The glare down the line became focussed into two glaring eyes of fire, and the murmuring grew into the thunder of a heavy train. There was a shrill, peremptory whistle, a great flare of light from carriage windows, and the 11.30 drew up at the platform.

In a moment the engine was uncoupled. With a short shriek, like that of a child that has got its task over, it made its way off, and the woman saw that No. 814 had begun to move.

Slowly and ponderously it crept up to the long line of carriages. A dark figure leapt down from the footplate and, running along the line, caught the couplings. The woman watched the man between the buffers and shivered apprehensively. Then she ran forward to the side of the engine. The engine-driver was waiting for her, leaning over the side, a bearded man of about thirty-five, with a stern yet kindly look in his eye.

"Are ye all right, John?"

The light from the furnace fell on the woman's uplifted face, throwing into relief the lines of anxiety and wistfulness.

"I'm all right, lass. Don't worry about me."

A blast of steam from a valve blew in the man's face. He shut it off immediately, and, looking at his wife, saw that her lips were quivering.

"Are ye sure it's quite safe?"

"Quite safe, Jessie."

"Yer last engine was bad enough, but this one's a fair terror to me. Oh, I'll be that glad, John, when ye get off the drivin' work."

"So'll I, lass, for your sake, so'll I. But she's a beauty, I'm tellin' ye. There's not another engine like her in the country." He broke off. "What's ado back there, I wonder? We ought to be off."

He shut off the steam, and the engine, slowly purring, seemed to be bracing itself for its task on the hillside. It was a long green engine, the high boiler bellying out on either side of the cab, the stunted funnel giving an added impression of bulk. As it purred and crooned to itself the woman watched it as though it were a live

thing to be dreaded, an animal that man had not completely subdued, whose savage passions might at any time break out. Its fresh paint and bright fittings gave it a rakish look. Inside the cab were a thousand and one handles and levers and knobs and switches. The engine-driver's wife glanced at them and shuddered. How easy it seemed to make a mistake!

"I say, lass"—the man was speaking again—"ye'll get to yer bed at once and sleep sound. There's nothing to be uneasy about." He saw that she was agitated, and tried to cheer her up. "A train's the safest place of all to be in. Anybody'll tell ye that." There was a distant whistle. The driver stood to attention. "Are ye right, Jamie?" he asked the fireman. "Good-night, lass. God bless ye."

"God bless ye, John. Take care o' yersel'. Promise me ye'll take care o' yersel'."

The man's reply was lost in the shriek of the whistle, the sudden, hoarse volume of smoke and steam that burst from the funnel amid a shower of sparks, and the rapid churning of the wheels as they skidded on the greasy rails.

The woman watched the 11.30 until the red tail-light disappeared into the vague shadows of the night. Then she turned away.

The station-master was locking up.

"Ye'r no' used to having an engine-driver for yer man, yet," he said kindly.

The woman turned wild eyes upon him.

"I'll never be used to it," she panted—"never!" It'll drive me mad one o' these nights. And that new engine's no' canny. I tell ye it's no'."

"She's a perfect beauty, and John Maitland's the proudest driver in the country to get her. And he can drive her, too."

"Ay, he's proud o' her. She's like a live thing wi' him—a live woman. And I'm his wife, and I hate the engine." The woman spoke with extraordinary bitterness. "It's me or her that's to have him," she exclaimed, clenching her hands.

The station-master was an old man, and he humoured the shaking, unstrung woman at his side.

"John Maitland's proud o' his engine, as any man might be," he said; "but it's no' her he loves. No, no, Mrs. Maitland; he'll no' let her run away wi' him," and he chuckled. The idea of 814 being a jealous woman who wanted Maitland all for herself struck the station-master as a queer notion.

The woman opened her lips as though to speak, and then, gathering the shawl about her, ran off to the little cottage at the roadside.

A greasy cap lay on the wooden kitchen table. She caught it up and pressed it passionately to her lips. Then she fell on her knees, trembling violently. "Keep him safe, O God," she breathed aloud. "Keep him safe, and no' let him be hurt by the new engine."

II.

The sun was high when John Maitland returned. His wife was waiting at the door, and he caught her round the waist and ran her into the house.

"I've got news for ye, lass—news that'll please ye."

"What is't, John?" The anxious look had left her eyes. She clung close to her husband. "What is't?"

"They've made me a foreman, Jessie. It's a big rise. I'll have to bide at the Junction, and I'll get ye a real nice house wi' a garden, and I'll be home in the evenings, and you an' me'll have the grand times!"

His wife drew back, holding him at arm's-length and looking into his eyes.

[Continued overleaf.]

NICE ENOUGH TO BE ETON! BATHERS IN LEICESTER SQUARE.



FIGURES FROM THE NEW ALHAMBRA BALLET, "ON THE SANDS."

In the course of the new ballet, which promises to be every bit as successful as its predecessors at the Alhambra, a party of girl bathers encounter a number of Eton boys, who steal their clothes from their tents and for the time masquerade in skirts.

"Is't true, John?"

"Of 'course it's true, lass. Why, what ails ye? Are ye no' glad?"

"Glad!"—the woman laughed hysterically—"Glad! John, John, ye canna tell how glad I am! An' ye'll no' have to drive any more?"

"No, Jessie. I'll be done wi' the drivin' then."

"Oh, thank God, thank God!"

Trembling with joy, the woman buried her head in her husband's shoulder.

"Ye don't know what it's meant for me," she said, when they were sitting together. "I've gone back to this home some o' they nights with all the terrors o' death ragin' within me. . . . An' I've lain awake seein' the most awful things! I've been like that all the three years we've been married; but since ye got the new engine it's been worse. I dreamt at night that the new engine was a beautiful lady, and that she loved ye, and that ye were gey proud o' her too, and that ye couldna make up yer mind which o' us ye likit the best."

John Maitland threw back his head and roared with laughter.

"Well, ye'll no need to dream it any more, that's one comfort," he said, "for I start my new job in four weeks."

"Not for four weeks, John?"

"That's no long, lass. They'll soon pass."

"An' ye'll be drivin' for four weeks yet, John?"

"Ay, I'll have to do that."

There was a pause. Then the woman bravely brushed away the tears that came into her eyes.

"Then we'll just have to make the best o' it," she said firmly.

But it was not easy. Each night her husband left her she clung to him more lovingly, more fearfully. When the bright moonlight was bathing the dark expanse of moorland with velvety light and when the chill wind was driving the sleet down the hillside, she was always on the platform to see him go. And there, too, was always 814, and to Jessie the new engine seemed more dangerous, more treacherous than ever.

Jessie counted the days till they should leave Fairleigh Hill and No. 814 for ever, and how slowly the time passed! And then came a day when the little stock of furniture was taken out of the cottage by the roadside and packed up to be taken to the Junction.

Four days before Maitland's time as a driver was up Jessie had to leave Fairleigh Hill and take up her new abode. That meant that she could not see her husband off in the engine at night. For that time he stayed with the station-master, and Jessie was alone in the new house with the garden.

Three of these nights she dreamt her dream again and awoke, shrieking with terror, "John, John!" She saw the beautiful lady in green and gold, with eyes that compelled and a magnetism that was irresistible. And she saw her husband in the close embrace of her rival. . . . And on the fourth night she dreamt another dream.

When her husband came to her he saw a new light in her eyes, and he put it down to her joy that he was rid of the engine.

It was that and more than that, and, sitting in the dusk in their new home, she whispered the news in his ear.

"I'm so glad, John," she murmured. "You know I only need you, but it'll be like another you. Oh, it's all too good to be true. We're here, and you're safe, and there's no more drivin', and now . . . this. Dear old John, your wife's goin' to be as happy as the day is long."

And John Maitland drew his wife's head to his breast and closed his eyes.

III.

John Maitland had a light day, for a start, and in the afternoon he hurried home.

"Get on yer things, Jessie," he cried, "and we'll catch the 4.10 to the town. There's a heap o' things ye was wantin' to buy, and there'll maybe no' be another opportunity like this for us both to get together."

They were on the platform long before the train was due, for Jessie was all eagerness. It was blowing a gale, and the wind swept with terrific force along the exposed platform of the Junction.

"My, but it's awful windy!" gasped Jessie, with a laugh.

"Ay, it's a fair hurricane," replied her husband, pressing his hat firmly on his head; "but it's givin' ye a rare colour, lass. Ye'r lookin' the day just like the bonnie wee wife I fell in love wi'. We'll have to hae another honeymoon, I'm thinkin'."

Jessie's happy laugh was lost in the din of the wind.

"Stand back a wee bittie," warned her husband, "The four o'clock down express is about due . . . nay, she's late. But I might have remembered. It's my old engine she's got on. She needs me, I'm thinkin'."

The man laughed, but Jessie's face blanched.

"Which old engine? Not—"

"Ay, 814. Here she comes."

Down the incline this time rushed the heavy train, with a roar as of wrath. The smoke and steam that were vomited from the funnel were swept clean away by the strong wind. The line was straight, and in an incredibly short time the train was crashing through the station, causing an army of papers that had collected in the sheltered places of the line to rise in the air and race after it.

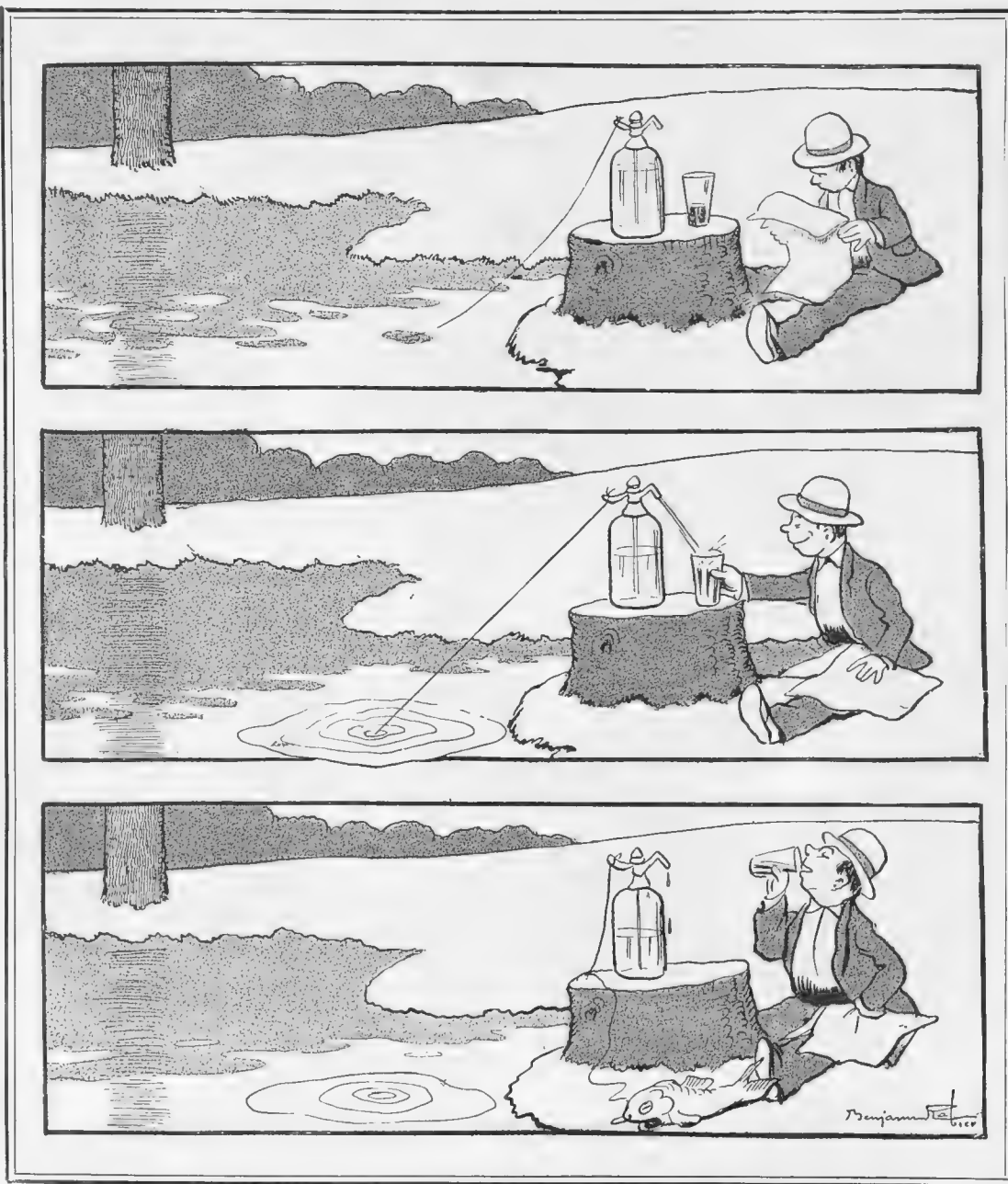
John Maitland watched the approaching train with admiration. He had a kind of proprietary interest in the engine. After all, his had been the first driver's hand to start her engines; none knew as he did her idiosyncrasies. He watched her approvingly. His wife turned away her head.

When the engine was alongside her old driver a tremendous gust of wind beat against the train, lifting the loose coal from the tender and blowing it about the platform. Then the gust of wind playfully blew down a signal-post, where it lay half across the platform, amid a mesh of tangled wire.

And on the platform lay, too, John Maitland, white and stark, and on his forehead was an ugly wound caused by a lump of coal blown from the tender of No. 814.

So the engine claimed her first love, after all.

THE END.



THE SIPHON CATCH-SIGNALLER—AND DRINK-PROVIDER: "YOUR JOLLY GOOD HEALTH!"

PLANE LANGUAGE BY TRUTHFUL JAMES.



JAMES THE PORTER: Drat this ere avigation craze!—they all gets it.

DRAWN BY EDGAR DOWNS.

THE HAM SANDWICH AT THE FEAST.



MISTER FLANAGAN: An' did ye 'av a fine toime of it, Mister Grady?

MISTER GRADY (*just returned from Paris*): Av course I did.

MISTER FLANAGAN: An' did ye go to the cafés?

MISTER GRADY: Sure I was in all of 'em.

MISTER FLANAGAN: Well, tell me, Mister Grady, did yez see any *Pommes-de-terre*?

MISTER GRADY: No, ye see I had the woife wid me all the toime.

DRAWN BY WILMOT LUNT.

THE COUNTY GENTLEMAN

THE exodus to the moors is now in full swing, and the guns go North with excellent prospects of sport. As far as the reports can be trusted, there is no evidence of grouse disease in any district, and this is the more cheerful news, for the Royal Commission appointed to inquire into the disease would seem to have accomplished very little, though it may have exposed the weakness of certain theories that had gained acceptance. With birds not only healthy, but well forward, nothing but good weather is required for a successful season. The appeal of the moorlands to the Southerner is never-failing; those who go up now and return in October have plenty of time to forget the discomforts before August comes round again, and when the weather is at all reasonable they see Scotland at its very best. Those who stay late for hind-shooting or any other sport see quite another Scotland. Three or four years ago I went up in August, and when it was time to return at the end of September so many grouse were left, owing to the bad weather, that I decided to return for another week's sport in late November, if conditions improved. They did, and I reached the shooting again in the week when November and December met. Birds were wild, and it was difficult to man the butts, but we managed to have three days' fair sport among birds that had assumed their winter plumage, and having fed well on the "stooks," were in splendid condition for the table. Unfortunately, not even the pleasure of a hard-earned bag could atone for the shock of seeing the December aspect of the moorlands. Every suggestion of bloom had long passed, the hills were under clouds, the country looked bleak, bare, and uninviting. On the lower ground, where the roots had been pulled and clamped, the bare fields seemed more desolate than they look in the South. Only the fir and pine woods retained a touch of their autumn aspect, though their blackness seemed intensified. For the first time in my life I saw the black cock in full flight, and was beaten time and again by its great pace. Under existing conditions, this handsome bird may be shot when its moulting time is only just over, and many young birds are killed in late August and early September before their tail-feathers have grown or they have learned to use their wings. But the man who can stop either black cock or grey hen in full flight when November is coming to an end must be considered a good shot.

It seems strange that, while most men look carefully to their guns and have their dogs properly exercised before they go North, very few think about themselves. Hundreds go up every year from London and the big provincial

cities, and reach the moors in thoroughly poor condition. They are quite unfit to walk hard or far, they cannot endure the pangs of thirst, and suffer badly from the attacks of midges and the countless flies that are out for what they can eat. The first weeks of their sojourn are extremely painful; they only begin to enjoy their holiday to the full when a great part of it is over. In the southern counties,

with their small fields and comparatively level land, a man can go out in any condition; but if you go to the moors among high heather, or to the mountain-sides where the birds must be walked up, condition tells, and an ill-kept line is the despair of the man who is responsible for the success of the sport. I can remember a really blazing Twelfth, such a rare occurrence that memory clings to it. I was out with seven other guns and we were walking after the birds. From ten o'clock to lunch-time line was kept fairly enough, but half the party was in a very bad state by half-past one, and after lunch three men made their apologies and went back to the house, while a fourth slipped down to the river, bathed, and went to sleep on the bank. Of these four slack ones, none had reached his fortieth year, and each thought he was in good condition. Since my first summer in Scotland, I have always made a practice of taking three weeks' training before going North. Swedish drill, Turkish baths, and a rigorous diet do all that is required, and when these simple precautions have been taken it is possible to make the most of the holiday in fine weather or wet from first day to last.

I have found that it is advisable to breakfast well and to take the lightest of lunches when on the moors. It is best to drink nothing at all, if that be possible, and the worst thirst can be assuaged by putting hands and arms up to the elbows in ice-cold water and carrying a pebble in the mouth. "Tackets," as the Scotsmen call spiked nails, should be put in the boots; and it is well to endure warm clothing,

for if you are belated on the hills or caught in one of the mists that rise on short notice from nowhere, nothing but really warm clothing will save a chill. It is no bad plan to place a pair of light shoes in the game-cart or lunch-cart and to discard the heavy shooting-boots during the luncheon hour; the relief to tired feet is remarkable. I have found it possible, with the aid of these simple precautions, to enjoy the longest of long days in pursuit of grouse and return home in the evening ready for a five-mile walk when dinner is over; and better men who have taken no care of themselves have been almost too tired to smoke, and have fallen asleep over the fireside endeavouring to recall the incidents of the day. MARK OVER.



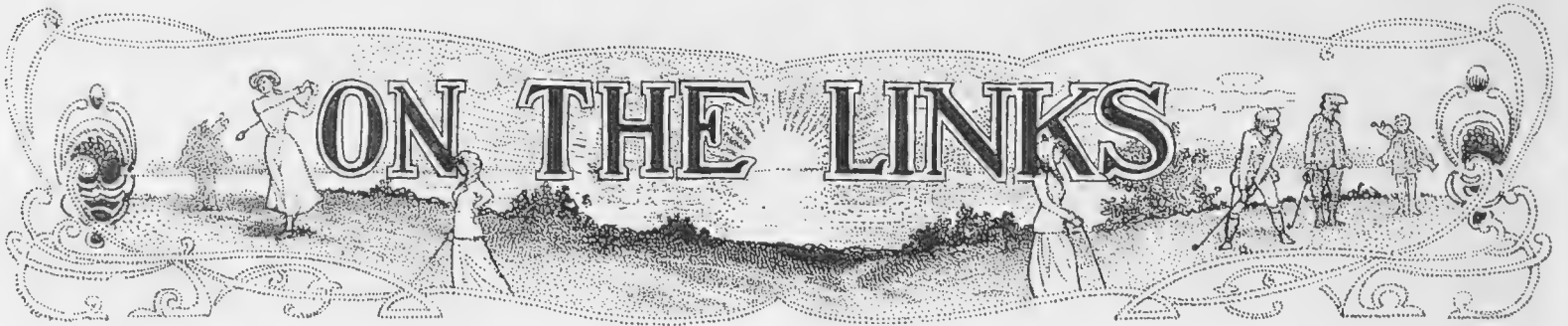
NOT OFTEN SEEN IN ST. JAMES'S PARK: SOME FIVE-DAY-OLD PEACOCK CHICKS WITH THEIR MOTHER.

Two broods of young peacocks are now to be seen in St. James's Park, and are a centre of much attention.—[Photograph by Central News.]



A KENTISH TRADITION "REVIVED" ON THE SCENE OF ITS ORIGIN, "CHARLES II." ESCAPING FROM A WINDOW TO THE MOAT OF IGHTHAM MOTE.

"The Guest at the Mote," a play (by Mr. Russell Thorndike) based on Kentish tradition, was given at Ightham Mote, Kent, the other day. The play is founded on the story that Charles II. was a guest at the Mote before the Restoration, and that the Roundheads spent three or four days in an endeavour to find him at this time. The action of the play took place on the spot at which tradition has it that the real event happened in the seventeenth century.—[Photograph by G.P.U.]



By HENRY LEACH.

Too Much Golf. There is no holiday of any kind that is capable of yielding richer delight, or a better and more refreshing change, than a golfing holiday; but it needs to be very carefully managed, for it is one of the easiest to spoil. The man needs to keep a very strong hold on himself, to be very determined; and if he realises his weakness for the game and his liability to gross excesses, he had better pledge himself to a system and abide by it, even at the cost of considerable discomfort at first. Excess—that is what ruins most golfing holidays, and makes some men think when they get back home that they would like never to play the game again; and anyhow they declare they will not play it for six weeks. They feel that they will at last get themselves released from that horrible bondage which was indicated in the remark which my friend and opponent, Colonel X, made to me when he had fluffed two easy shots in succession on an East Coast links the other day. "Who on earth would play this wretched game if he was not obliged to?" You see, the Colonel had been overdoing it. Golf had become a toil to him; but yet

keenness. Players are very apt to overdo it at holiday times. There may be no great harm in a third round once in a way, but it is a very bad thing to make a practice of." That is what James Braid, the five-times open champion says, and he does know. Still, we have to recognise the fact that a golfer on holiday really cannot leave his clubs alone on three days of the week.

A Holiday System.

Well, then, an ideal system for the week's play, as I would propose it, is to do eleven rounds thus—two rounds on Monday, two on Tuesday, one on Wednesday, three on Thursday, one on Friday, two on Saturday, and to take a whole holiday from the game on Sunday. That is not too much in the circumstances, and the variation is splendid. Then, on the two-round days, the man should often rest in the morning, play his first round after lunch, and the second after tea. Between half-past four and seven is the best time of the day for golf, and the most difficult to fill up with anything else, and yet it is generally entirely wasted as the result of the two-round-morning-and-afternoon convention. A morning when one may get up late, dawdle over breakfast, and then attend to the newspapers or correspondence, in the full knowledge that there are two rounds of golf to follow, is delightful. But those who have tried it declare that there is nothing so exquisite as the complete day off from golf when you have had very much of it. The feeling of holiday, of rest, repose, of being able to do just what you like, is glorious. You wander along the sea-front or down a leafy lane in the morning and look in at the old churchyard and examine the tombstones. In the afternoon you try to read a book about something which is, as you might say, the very opposite to golf. Then you go to sleep. In the evening the other men tell you about the very bad golf they have played that day, and you smile. And don't you just hit the ball on the following morning! Yes, the holidays from golf are the best days in a golfing holiday.



TO THE LINKS BY WATER: A BOAT-LOAD OF FAMOUS PROFESSIONALS CROSSING THE FERRY ON THEIR WAY TO THE LOMBARTZYDE GOLF COURSE, NEEUPOORT BAINS, BELGIUM.

Reading from left to right, the names of those in the boat are as follows: Herd, Vardon, Charles, Taylor, Braid, W. Park, Ray, and J. Park.—[Photograph by Ulllyett.]

he felt bound to it. The best of his keenness had gone, and his eye was tired, so he could not try hard, and could not play his proper game. Thus he became gloomy, morose, dispirited. His appetite fell off. He was a nuisance in the smoke-room at nights after dinner, for he insisted on telling everybody all about his troubles and on asking their advice. He said that he was sure at last that he would never play well again. He talked about the charms of tennis and bowls. Then he sent home for several spare clubs and wrote instructions to his favourite professional to make him two new drivers and send them along by the quickest passenger-train. He was very unhappy, and I was sorry for him. It is terrible to see a good four-handicap man playing an eighteen game day after day, and sometimes taking fifty to get to the turn.

Champion's Advice.

When he appealed to me, I told him what medicine to take—ordered him not to play at all the next Saturday and Sunday, and when he started again on Monday morning, to devote his whole mind to keeping his body still, his weight on his heels, to swinging slowly back, and to looking hard at the side of the ball. He promised faithfully; but, for all that, he played three rounds on the Saturday, and confessed to me at night that he felt he was going to the dogs. This is just a typical case, the result of excess. It is very hard for a man who cannot get more than one or two days' golf a week at ordinary times to limit himself when he is on holiday, is housed alongside a first-class course, and has nobody but golfers about him; but he should try to do it. "However keen a player may be, however good his condition, and whatever time he may have at his disposal, it will generally be a mistake to golf on more than four days a week as a regular thing. Any more than that will have a tendency to reduce a man's



THE BANDANA (OR MOTOR VEIL) AS THE CORRECT HEADRESS FOR LADY GOLFERS OF PARIS; PLAYERS AT LA BOULIE.



ON THE CRACK GOLF COURSE OF FRANCE: BEFORE THE CLUB HOUSE AT LA BOULIE

The course at La Boulie, near Versailles, may be called, with little fear of contradiction, the crack golf course of France, and the matches in the Amateur and Open Championships of France are played on it. It was laid out by Willie Park. It is by no means an easy course; indeed, Tom Vardon has declared it to be one of the most difficult courses he knows.

THE WHEEL AND THE WING

Car Mileage the Best Comparison.

In contemplating the purchase of a medium-powered car, the man of moderate means will frequently ask what the vehicle will cost him to run. Now, in dealing with running costs, many items have to be taken into consideration, for the figures can be given in many ways. If the estimate is to be rendered *à la* chartered accountant, then the man of moderate means is going to get a bad scare, and will probably be frightened off his purchase for time and a while. But when a man puts the above question in a general way it may be taken that he more or less looks after the car himself, and that he has storage for it without paying a special rental. This being so, an estimate can be given him of cost per car mile, which is the only sound and reasonable method. No one can state cost per annum, for this is obviously dependent upon the mileage achieved during the course of the year.

Barely Twopence a Mile.

Apropos of this, and as an instance of what can be achieved by the combination of luck, good driving, and a good car, I should like to cite some figures concerned with the ownership of a British-built 14-h.p. car which has been driven no fewer than 8000 miles, a thousand of which comprised a tour in the West Countree. To cover the above distance, the owner used 382 gallons of petrol, costing £20 9s. 9d., and marking a very excellent all-round consumption of nearly twenty-one miles per gallon. Then lubrication cost him £3 17s. 8d.; taxes, insurance, and license, £15 1s.; materials for cleaning, 9s. 4d.; repairs, £2 2s. 6d.; sparking-plugs and spare springs, £1 7s. 3d.; tyres, £20 13s. 1d. Total, £64 0s. 7d. Now, 8000 miles for £64 0s. 7d. runs out at 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ d. per mile, and as few car-owners who are busy men and drive a car only for pleasure achieve as great a mileage as this in twelve months, the cost per annum would be correspondingly less.

Bibendum Goes to Fulham.

Bibendum is sitting. In other words, the Michelin Tyre Company are moving to a new home in the Fulham Road. The truly palatial building now to be occupied by the bulbous one and all his works occupies an island site of no less than 22,000 square feet, and possesses four frontages. Fulham Road, on which the principal frontage lies, is one of the great out-getting routes from London, and is easily accessible to all motorists. Bibendum has already taken possession, for he stands, in all his tubular obesity, hard by the notice-board. In their new home, which they hope to occupy before the end of the year, the Michelin Tyre Company will enjoy an abundance of air, light, and space, the three indispensable adjuncts to a modern business of such magnitude.

Larger Tyres on Small Rims.

Tyre economy is in the long run best studied by using the largest tyres possible, and as the man of moderate means, who owns and drives a moderately priced



THE FIRST BRITISH AIRMAN TO FLY OVER BRITISH WARSHIPS: MR. CECIL GRACE.

With Mr. Grahame-White's remarkable flights over the Fleet still fresh in the memory, it is interesting to recall that to Mr. Cecil Grace belongs the honour of being the first British airman to fly over British war-vessels. This he did on the last day of April of this year when, flying from Eastchurch, he steered over Sheerness, above a cruiser and a destroyer in the harbour, and above other war-vessels in the Medway. He flew over a part of the Home Fleet off Sheerness in June. On the occasion of the last flight he used a Short biplane.

Photograph by Sassano.



FIVE HUNDREDWEIGHT AND SIXTY POUNDS IN PASSENGERS AND PETROL CARRIED ALOFT BY AN AEROPLANE: MR. HENRY FARMAN AND THE THREE PASSENGERS ON HIS FLYING-MACHINE.

Mr. Henry Farman made the record flight with passengers at Mourmelon-le-Grand the other day, being accompanied on his aeroplane by three friends. The weight of passengers and petrol alone is said to have been 5 cwt. 60 lb. The passengers were Lieutenant Vuillaume and MM. Roth and Lepoix. The flight lasted for an hour and four minutes.—[Photograph by Rol.]

and powered car, will find that, when the chassis price includes tyres, the maker does not fit the largest possible, it is well to consider whether or no the standard rims will take larger tyres than those specified in the catalogue. Messrs. Michelin and Co. have been at considerable pains to discover whether 90 mm. covers—a very general size—can be replaced by larger tyres without detriment to the latter. They now announce the fact that when their 90 mm. tyres are found too small for comfort, and another 10 mm. makes but little difference, that a 105 mm. cover can be used with great advantage and safety. But if this is done, they strongly counsel the retention of the 90 mm. inner tubes, as a 105 mm. tube would be compressed and rendered liable to pucker when used with a 105 cover on a 90 mm. rim.

The Daimler Road-Train.

The highly successful and interesting demonstration of the Daimler road-train afforded a party of representative motor experts and journalists a few days ago should strike the death-knell of the road-murdering, traction-engine-hauled road-trains which at present use and destroy our roads without anything like adequate payment. The Daimler Motor Company have improved the original Renard idea to such an extent that what looked like a clever freak some four years ago is now a practical dividend-earning road-haulage system. In Antwerp, where a Daimler road-train has been in actual commercial use for some time past, a saving of from 15 to 20 per cent. has been shown over horse-haulage, and this with much less wear and tear to the roads. Over and above the economy effected both in the cost of transport and the upkeep of roads, the Daimler road-train presents another feature which will appeal above all else to the public generally. It is remarkably quiet and smooth-running.

Chavez Over a Mile Up!

Blackpool would appear to be in receipt of better fortune this year than last. At all events, the meeting will go down in aviation history as one of the occasions on which the then existing height record was broken, for it was at Blackpool the other day that M. Chavez, on a Blériot monoplane, driven by a Gnome engine, succeeded in rising to the astonishing and appalling height of 5887 $\frac{1}{2}$ feet, as has since been officially recorded. That is 607 $\frac{1}{2}$ feet over a mile, an elevation which is very difficult of realisation by the layman who clings to earth. The height he attained was at first recorded officially as 5405 feet, but it was evident that he had been at an even greater altitude when outside the course, and the barograph which he carried, according to the first reports, registered 5850 feet. It was afterwards announced, however, that the judges had officially recorded the height as 5887 $\frac{1}{2}$ feet. Besides thus breaking the height record, M. Chavez won the first prize (a silver cup and money) for general merit throughout the meeting.

CRACKS OF THE WHIP

By CAPTAIN COE.

Autumn Handicaps.

The entries for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire serve to show that those important autumn handicaps are as popular as ever with owners, in spite of the growth of competition in the way of richly endowed handicaps all through the season. We could certainly do with more events of the distance of the former of the two races mentioned, but some of the efforts of clerks of courses to attract nominations to long-distance events have not been so successful as could be desired. None of this lack of support is ever in evidence with regard to the Cesarewitch, which year after year gets a good entry, and, what is more to the purpose, is always contested by large fields. The Cesarewitch is a race that brings out the extremity of staying powers in the horses that run for it, but the Cambridgeshire is a terrific gallop from end to end. They start as though they were going for a six-furlong sprint, and the pressure is kept up right through. There is still a large amount of double-event betting on these races, in spite of the fact that the long odds laid are not quite what they seem. But to the little punter who lays out a dollar, the prices offered have a very attractive appearance. They must have, or that type of speculation would cease. Instead of that being the case, however, it shows a tendency to grow, and there are more doubles laid over the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire than over any other races, not even excepting the Lincoln Handicap and the Grand National. If a fancied animal wins the first of the two races, such is the extent of the business that the betting on the second is affected to no inconsiderable degree by the covering-money of the Continental agents.

Two-Year-Olds. The theory has been frequently advanced that the reason for the diminishing number of good staying horses is due to the fact that two-year-olds are raced on an excessive scale. It was no doubt with an idea of counteracting

tempting bait in the way of valuable stakes is held before the eyes of owners of two-year-olds we cannot hope that the ultimate welfare of the thoroughbred will be taken into account. Many owners want a quick return for their outlay, and are prepared to run their horses off their feet in the attempt to win races. Others—rich men generally—like to see their colours, and run their youngsters for the mere sake of gratifying what is perhaps, after all, a natural vanity. I wonder what would happen if the Jockey Club abolished two-year-old racing? It would be a grand thing from the point of view of those who like to see a horse well and strong enough to race into its sixth or seventh year, and would, no doubt, do a lot towards improving the British thoroughbred. But what would the owners say?

Stayers.

An offshoot of the subject I have tackled in the previous paragraph is to be discovered in the careers of some of the best stayers we have seen in recent years. One of the best, 'The White Knight'—which won two Ascot Gold Cups, in addition to a Goodwood Cup—a horse that wanted a strong pace to bring out his wonderful capacity to last over the severest of courses, ran but three times as a two-year-old, and his debut was delayed until the August of his first racing year. Bachelor's Button, another famous Irish-bred stayer, who beat Pretty Polly in the Ascot Gold Cup, was only called upon three times as a two-year-old, his first race being run at the Curragh in June. William the Third, as true a stayer as ever trod our turf, ran but once in his youngest racing year, and Amadis, from the same stable, went to the post but three times as a two-year-old. The latest discovered staying horse, Magic, is a wonderful instance of the value of not asking a two-year-old to race. Mr. Beddington realised that his horse could not possibly grow worse if not raced before his three-year-old days, and that he would probably be a great deal better. And never was patience better rewarded, for Magic beat the best horse



THE SLING STILL USED BY SOLDIERS! LANDING A HORSE AT DOVER FOR THE ARMY "INVADING" ENGLAND.

Photograph by Topical.



HELMETED FOLLOWERS OF THE HOUNDS: THE POONA HUNT, 1910—A MOST INTERESTING GROUP.

General Alderson is the Master; Mr. Morrison, the President.

Photo. by Nolan and Co.

this phase of the Turf that, a few years ago, the Stewards of the Jockey Club determined to cut down the value of two-year-old stakes run for early in the season. That was doubtless a good move on their part; but to show how easily the spirit of the rule could be offended against, one has only to point to the Spring Produce Stakes at Newbury. This race, won in April by Irish King, was worth £874 to the owner, and the value of the corresponding race twelve months previously was no less than £1375. It is argued that while

in training over a course that is about the best test of staying capacity that we have. Most of Taylor's horses are trained to be stayers, and the method he adopts is the very simple one of not taxing them overmuch as two-year-olds. Pradella did not run as a two-year-old, Torpoint ran twice, Elizabetta twice, and Highness but four times.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.

WOMAN'S WAYS

BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

At Forty Miles an Hour.

To scoot through Northern France in a motor-car at forty miles an hour, breathing forth various sounds as of a soul in pain, is to get a confused impression of interminable processions of mutilated trees, an industrious peasantry (chiefly female) carefully cultivating every available inch of land, of endless arch-enemies in the shape of other automobiles—for there is no scorn, fury, and jealousy comparable to that which rival motorists entertain for all their kind—and of roads which resemble long grey ribbons laid flat and straight along a verdant map. There is, besides, a sense of efficiency in affairs municipal, for are not cross-roads always visible, and are not the principal routes numbered, so that a huge "8" or "14" assures you, as you fly by at breakneck speed, that you are on the road which is thus indicated in your guide, so that even he who runs at night on fifty miles an hour may read? Then, too, children are wary in Normandy and Brittany; dogs bark contemptuously, but keep to the port or starboard of your motor; and even the chickens have learned to flutter away in time to save their necks. It is easy to see that France is the birthplace of the automobile.

The Beggar and the Zouave of Abbeville.

Punctures have their sweet uses, like adversity, and if we had not had that breakdown on the threshold, we should not have seen the cathedral, the beggar, or the Zouave of Abbeville. The fane is more imposing outside than in, but the mendicant whom I encountered under its arches beat, in effrontery, any beggar whom I have ever seen in any sphere. Outwardly, she was an aged, pious, picturesque, white-capped Picardy peasant, kneeling devoutly at her prayers in the twilight of the nave. Inwardly, she was an avaricious virago, for, spying an alien tourist, she cut short her supplications to the Higher Powers, leapt to her feet, and followed me round demanding a dole. Bestowing on this person two English pennies—all that I had in copper currency—I was rewarded by a volley of abuse, in the sacred building itself, and was glad to escape into the street, resolved to dispense no more promiscuous charity while I was in France. And just outside, to be sure, was being enacted the pleasing idyll of the Zouave and the grisette. He, it is true, had his back to us for the two hours during which the puncture was mended, and only the rapturous face of his innamorata was visible. But the Zouave was the most jaunty Oriental warrior conceivable; there was a devil-may-care air about his dainty embroidered jacket, his skirt-like scarlet breeches, his gaiters and his rakish cap: a uniform which might reasonably suggest a *chic* and convenient costume for the Woman of the Future. So they stood, these untiring lovers, in the middle of the street, talking, talking, talking till the sun sank, and the twilight crept on, and the mechanics had finished their job. And when we had tired of quoting Othello and Desdemona, and laid bare the fallacies of Kipling's theory about the East and West, the slim Zouave turned his face to us and revealed himself a youthful, blonde, pink-faced son of Frankish Gaul!

The Citizen of Caen.

There are treasures of mediæval architecture in the capital of Normandy, but not even the peerless Abbaye des Dames has left so indelible an impression on my mind as the citizen of Caen. He was very small, and quite extraordinarily dirty, and may, for all I know, have concealed the soul of a budding Chatterton under his alert personality. At present, his enterprise took the form of begging from every well-dressed person, more especially from the aliens who swarm in Caen in summer time. So the following dialogue took place between this personage and myself—

THE CITIZEN. Un p'tit sou, Madame, un p'tit sou!

MYSELF. Va-t-en! Il ne faut pas mendier à ton age.

THE CITIZEN. Un p'tit sou, Madame, un p'tit sou.

MYSELF. Tu n'as pas honte?

THE CITIZEN. Un p'tit sou, Madame, un p'tit sou.

MYSELF. Et, d'abord, tu es affreusement sale. Je n'ai jamais vu une figure aussi dégoûtante que la tienne.

THE CITIZEN (*quite imperturbable*). Un p'tit sou, Madame.

MYSELF. Va-t-en! Va te laver.

Inspiration on the part of the citizen, who disappears for a few seconds, while I admire the fifteenth-century house opposite. Sudden reappearance of the citizen, with a white and shiny visage, but with hands ingrained with dirt.

THE CITIZEN (*with joy and triumph*). V'là, Madame, que je me suis lavé! Un p'tit sou, Madame—un p'tit sou.

The gentle reader would have rewarded this enterprise with bounteous largesse, but, having nothing on me but a five-franc piece, the citizen, I regret to say, got nothing for his pains but a sweet smile. But the way in which he shrugged his little shoulders—the boy could not have been more than seven—gave furiously to think. For he had on his precocious little face all the degenerate signs of a future Apache.

The Simple Châteaux of France.

To the travelling Briton, the austerity, the simplicity, the absence of superfluous luxury in the châteaux of this neighbouring country of ours are a perpetual surprise. There is no law of primogeniture, of entail, in this Republic, so that the eldest son, with an ancestral domain on his hands, is no better off—indeed worse—than his younger brother. Hence the unkempt, weedy parks and grounds, the flowerless gardens, the gaunt-looking windows, the absence of pictures, objects of art, carpets, books, and bibelots. Indeed, the absence of wealth—even of comfortable means—is all too evident, and in a country rich and fruitful beyond precedent you will find the dining-room of some historic château so bare and dingy that in England it would hardly serve as a servants' hall.



[Copyright.]

SUITABLE FOR DINNER AT A SHOOTING LODGE: AN EVENING BLOUSE OF LACE AND CHIFFON WITH BLACK WAIST-BAND AND VELVET NECK-RIBBON.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)



[Copyright.]

A COSTUME FOR THE SCOTTISH MOORS: A NEAT COAT AND SKIRT OF HOME-SPUN CLOTH.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Character by Holiday.

Some insight into a woman's character is afforded by the kind of holiday she chooses. The vain lady, who likes to make the members of her own sex envious and to be surrounded with admiring members of the other, invariably chooses a Spa, either at home or abroad. The girl who likes flirtation goes for the seaside, and boats, plays tennis, and goes for motor rides by moonlight; the woman who is fond of exercise, and desires to be man's good comrade rather than his enslaver, goes for the Highlands and all their strenuous attractions; the member of our sex who means matrimony goes for a cruise on a small yacht, if she can brave the evil of the sea. Country-house holidays are no index, being more or less a matter of the circle one moves in; but the self-elected holiday is a true index of character.

Holiday Kit.

The kit depends on the character of the holiday. A large contingent of British and American women are filling up the time before the shooting season yachting or at the seaside. For the first, kit is necessarily limited. A well-known yachtsman once asked a smart American to cruise with him, and was much taken aback when five Saratoga trunks arrived alongside his modest fifteen-tonner. He took them aboard, but the lady could not get at them freely, and she soon got tired of being "cribbed, cabined, and confined," and got herself and her Saratogas landed at a fashionable seaside place where, as she said, "she could change five times a day in comfort." A serge coat and skirt, a duck coat and skirt, a heavy wrap, a hat, a cap, an oilskin coat, a sou'-wester, and a dinner gown are the businesslike yachts-woman's kit. For cruising on larger steam-craft, more latitude is allowed; still the fact remains that the woman who does with the least baggage is the most welcome guest to a yacht-owner and has the maximum of comfort herself. The same self-denial in the matter of baggage commends itself also to the owners of shooting-lodges in remote districts in Scotland. Despite the motor, there are still remote lodges. The Scotch holiday-maker has to remember that her clothes must be warm, light, and durable. Of all things, boots and shoes must be stout and light. Novices in the Highlands often have to apply to local bootmakers, who manage to make them sorry for their sins of omission to take the right kind of footwear with them.

Some Spacious Shooting-Quarters.

There are quarters where guests can take all they want with them. The hostesses who have rented Beaufort Castle from Lord Lovat have no need to fear excessive baggage. The Duchess of Sutherland has heaps of accommodation at Dunrobin Castle. The Duchess of Portland has a comfortable large lodge at Langwell, exquisitely situated; it is a long motor-run to it from the nearest station—about seventeen miles. Mrs. Arthur Sassoon has comfortable quarters at Tulchan Lodge, but quite modest in proportion, and her house-parties are never large. The Duke of Richmond and Gordon, at Gordon Castle, has heaps of room; so have Lord and Lady Leith at Fyvie Castle. These are, however, some of the best-known of the great places of the North. Smaller lodges are often situated very remotely. One belonging to the Duke of Richmond and Gordon is close to the shore of Loch Moirlich, which lies just under the highest point of the Cairn Gorms, and is itself about fifteen hundred feet above sea-level. The drive up to it is very rough and steep. Quite half the pleasure of life in the Highlands consists in living it simply and wearing clothes suitable for the life.

Prizes and Presents.

The holiday season means tournaments and competitions of all kinds, also it is a time of weddings and engagements. It is a wise precaution before embarking on it to have a look at the immense variety and the novelty and originality of the prizes and presents in all departments of Messrs. Mappin and Webb's fine establishments, 158, Oxford Street; 2, Queen Victoria Street; and 220, Regent Street. Their jewellery is beautiful. Suppose a prize for a fishing competition is wanted; a mother-of-pearl fish with fins, head and tail in diamonds is appropriate and pretty. If it is for tennis, croquet, golf, driving or riding, there are the neatest little jewel-handled mallets, racquets, clubs, whips, horseshoes. There are also lovely plaques. In silver-gilt table appointments there are lovely things; a sugar-sifter with classical Bacchanalian designs is beautiful; so too are cigar-boxes with Celtic designs in burnished silver standing on little feet. In the celebrated Prince's Plate there are many useful and beautiful things that would make most desirable prizes. There are stands of Worcester china plates, made specially for the firm, for bread and butter, cake and scones for afternoon tea, plated saucepans for handing round vegetables hot, cases of dessert and of fish knives and forks; while for wedding gifts there are the loveliest canteens of this splendid plate in cases on pedestals to match any kind of dining-room furniture. A new idea for a lady tourist is a leather case to sling across the shoulders fitted with good glasses, a

place for books, tickets, a purse, a powder-puff, and other things useful when moving about. A footstool for a motor-car fitted with everything necessary for luncheon, even to a siphon of soda-water and a Thermos bottle, is very compact, the case entirely dust-proof, with a full supply of wicker-cased bottles for the favourite beverages of the party, while the cups have combination saucers and plates. The cases fitted for travelling are most luxurious, and are now much lighter than of old, yet they have every necessary fitment. Those for motoring are just a little more capacious than those first introduced. There is a wonderful choice, as there is fullest value in all the prizes and presents at Mappin and Webb's.

For the Moors.

Now that the shooting season is beginning and people are crowding to the moors of bonnie Scotland, the question of suitable attire comes up for settlement. A homespun coat and skirt suitable for a Scotch shooting-lodge kit is illustrated on "Woman's Ways" page. The evening blouse illustrated on the same page is of the kind convenient to wear for dinner at a shooting-lodge. It is of lace and chiffon, with a black waistband and black-velvet ribbon round the neck.

The discovery of an additional portion of a Dutch picture presented some years ago by Mr. Fairfax Murray to the National Gallery has reminded a critic of the experience of the learned German who was shown two separate portions of a canvas and pronounced one genuine and the other a forgery. The expert must beware of such unsuspected duplication. A man famous for his mastery of certain aspects of the drinking question boasted to an amateur manufacturer of green Chartreuse that he could never be deceived in such a matter. Two glasses were given him to test his ability. After a little rolling of the tongue and smacking of lips, he put down the glasses in triumph. "That is the real thing, of course; this other is a good—a very good—imitation." It was only when his host proved to him that he had no bottle of the original on the premises that the connoisseur would believe that both glasses contained the "good imitation."

Some people are still debating the whereabouts of their holidays, and an advertisement in a morning paper reads: "Bachelor requires home in hunting country as paying guest; incubus—two dogs that do not sit on the chairs, servant, and a lot of clothes." It is brief, but suggestive. The clothes clause in particular says a great deal, for it is evident that the advertiser must travel with outfits for tennis, golf, fishing, tea-parties, and the dining-room, and will therefore require a lawn, a river, a links, and a good cook, to say nothing of a place in which to wear lounge-suits and a scene of action for a billiard-jacket. The brevity and encumbrances of the anonymous advertiser seem to point to a certain Albany bachelor whose wardrobe and whose wit are co-extensive.

For their steamboat service to Brest, inaugurated in 1907 as a holiday route to Brittany, the Great Western Railway Company have obtained a magnificent new steamer—the s.s. *Bretonne*. The new boat is of steel construction, and is over three hundred feet in length; her tonnage is 1635. She is fitted with twin screws, giving a speed of sixteen knots per hour, and has been specially designed with a view to steadiness. As regards the equipment of the boat, everything possible is done to make the sea-journey between Plymouth and Brest a delightful experience.

Since 1860, when John Henry Dallmeyer began to make telescopes and photographic apparatus, the firm of Dallmeyer have patented many important optical inventions. Telephotography, by which mountains fifty and sixty miles away are reproduced as though but five, was rediscovered by Thomas R. Dallmeyer in 1892. The original works were in Old Bloomsbury Street, and remained there for twenty years. After that large premises at 25, Newman Street, Oxford Street, were occupied for another twenty odd years. The bad atmosphere and dust of Central London, however, were found increasingly injurious, and fresh premises were acquired in the purer air of Neasden, and equipped with electric power and modern machinery. Even this factory has proved too small, and a large new factory with ample space for all departments is about to be erected there.

Some very catchy numbers are included among the latest list of gramophone records issued by the Gramophone Company, which continues month by month to add to its enormous repertoire. We may mention in particular the following items as certain to prove popular: Played by the Band of H.M. Coldstream Guards, "Falka," Selection II. (Chaussaigne); Selection from "Geneviève de Brabant" (Offenbach). Played by Iff's Orchestra, "Way Down Colon Town" (Hoffmann); "La Petite Bonne Femme," one of the most popular French boulevard songs of the day. Played by Radic's Tzigane Orchestra, "The Girl in the Train" Waltz (Leo Fall), "The Girl in the Train" March (Leo Fall), and other selections from the same piece. Sung by Mr. John McCormack (tenor), "I Hear You Calling Me" (Marshall); by Mr. Harry Dearth (bass), "Ho! Jolly Jenkin" (Sullivan's "Ivanhoe"); by the Minster Singers, "Come Over the Ferry," a jovial ditty with chorus. Played by Mr. W. H. Reitz on the xylophone, "The Waterfall Polka" (Stobbs).

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Aug. 29.

IN THE KAFFIR CIRCUS.

THAT promised autumn boom in the Kaffir Circus seems to be a long time getting under way, and even its most sanguine prophets are beginning to talk as though the expected activity will have to wait until the "pheasants are on the wing." Of course, there is nothing sensational, for the time being, to infuse any life into the market, and with thousands of people away this month, it is not likely that the public will take a hand in making Kaffirs better. This, however, provides the professionals with the opportunity which they have been known to grasp in former years, and the autumn Kaffir boom is far from unknown. Nevertheless, he would be a bold man who ventured to buy Kaffirs to any extent for the moment, and although there is a fairly substantial bear account in the leading shares, it rather looks as though the market will be left to take care of itself for another month or so.

THE "SHOP" SUPPORT.

It looks all very well for prices to be run up one-sixteenth to three-sixteenths in a couple of days; but unless a measure of public support backs up the movement, there is little use in a spasmodic "boomlet." The "shops," of course, had to take a lot of stock during July: weak spots were revealed, and prices, on the revelation, were banged in the market. The bulk of the shares, however, were not sold in the House at all: they had to find temporary resting-places outside, and the ever-obliging "shops" took lines—at prices something below the levels to which they had been banged in the market. So long as this pleasant little game lasted there was no hope, of course, for any recovery; but as soon as the pressure to sell was relaxed, a natural reaction followed, the "shops" themselves supporting prices by sending in a few orders to buy. The Kaffir Circus being in this highly professional condition, the outsider stands little chance of making money except by mere luck; but it is at least something to be able to record that the big houses are still willing to support their market when it suits them to do so.

"PENNY BAZAAR" SHARES.

It is repeatedly asked whether the Rubber Market will develop again the same propensity of mad gambling which culminated in the wild boom of the early part of this spring. The question comes, as a rule, from the unfortunate people who are loaded up with florin shares, which they cannot sell except at a considerable sacrifice, and so far as we are concerned, we must frankly state our opinion that we doubt very much whether the madness of the March gamble will be repeated. The activity will be in the best better-class shares, and there has got to be a very rude awakening for proprietors of Rubber shares of certain lower-grade companies. Accordingly, the best thing to do at the present time is to take, say, half-a-dozen or a dozen of the former-class shares, and watch them carefully with a view to getting in when the market begins to show some signs of awakening. The number of companies in the cheap rubber market is so large and the floatations have been so recent, that we do not profess to have any information of value as to many of them. Will correspondents kindly note that with regard to shares of recently floated companies, which have very little market, we cannot profess to advise.

WEST AFRICAN CONSIDERATIONS.

Where the Jungle is so disappointing in the manner its Companies behave as regards output and profit. There is not one of the big concerns that can be said to be fulfilling expectations current, say, twelve months ago, even after making allowance for such undue optimism as may have been rife at that time. The jobbers in the market are all "nursing the baby," and although a number of them are bears for the ordinary Account, they have too many shares on the book to suit themselves or anybody else. The Rubber boom diverted public attention which has not been recovered; there have been no developments on the properties sensational enough to drive the public back to West Africans. In dull days, of course, good news is rarely a feature. It would be wasted, to put the matter crudely. Add the difficulties of a few big holders who had to realise their accounts, and there are all the elements ready-made for quietude and flatness. But prices are gradually drifting on to sounder levels. The day will come again for West Africans, as sure as fate, and if holders have the patience to wait, even though the sagging may continue for a while, they will see their shares move up again in the long run.

THE LIBEL LAW AND THE NEWSPAPERS.

The intolerable position in which the Press is placed by the present libel law has induced Mr. Walter Judd (the chairman of Heywood and Co., Ltd.) to address a letter to the editors of various of our contemporaries, and to make some strong observations at the twenty-fifth annual meeting of his Company.

At present the Press cannot do its duty without running the risk of being attacked and put to heavy expense by any man of straw—or woman either, for that matter—who, aided by a speculative solicitor, can bring a libel action, on the flimsiest grounds, with a great chance that a good round payment will be made to avoid the trouble and expense of a trial, especially as it is a practical certainty, even if the plaintiff's claim is rejected with ignominy, the costs will never be recovered. Libel actions are at present a legal form of blackmail in too many cases that have come within our knowledge.

The other day, for example, certain newspapers (not connected with *The Illustrated London News* and *Sketch*) published a portrait of a lady and gentleman at a public function with merely the names of Mr. and Mrs. — underneath. The lady, it turned out, was not Mrs. —, so she promptly brought separate libel actions against the journals, claiming in one case £500 damages. The suits were consolidated, and the result was that, to defend the case, the total bill which the newspapers had to pay came to over £200, although the lady withdrew at the last moment.

Mr. Judd has proposed, as a remedy, that a newspaper should be able to apply to a Judge in all libel cases for an order that the plaintiff find security for costs, and that such an order shall be discretionary, and depend on the nature of the libel complained of and the evidence as to the plaintiff's capacity to pay in case he fails. There is no doubt that some such provision is urgently required in the public interest even more than in that of the newspaper Press of this country. We wish Mr. Judd and his proposal every success, and should like to see the discretionary power given to a Judge in all libel actions, whether directed against a newspaper or a private person.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

Nobody expects to be busy in August, so there is no necessity to poach upon the preserves of the daily papers in their desperate endeavours to say, in different ways each day, that there is nothing doing. There's a nineteen-day account coming on, and if the Stock Exchange Committee do not give us a Saturday or two, the whole thirty of them deserve to be S-H-O-T.

Let some people should think that the fixed-commission has been shelved for good, I may repeat that such is far from being the case. The matter is hung up only temporarily, and another determined effort to establish an official scale of commission will be made after the holiday season is over.

Difficult to see, isn't it, why the Home Railway market should be so hopelessly out of favour with the average investor? With the North Western, Midland, and Great Western making such good performances, it might have been supposed that we should have seen a fair amount of investment on behalf of the public. This is a bad time of year to expect outside business; but still, a certain amount of investment goes on week in and week out. Nevertheless, the fact remains that people decline to look at Home Railways, and no doubt the fear of labour troubles has a good deal to do with this attitude. More than ever of late the unfairness of workmen in striking when their own leaders prayed them to observe the bargains made with masters has caused the investor to move very cautiously amongst home securities, and it is impossible to feel any sympathy with Labour which declines to play the game, and breaks without scruple the compact based upon agreement that either side shall refer matters of dispute to a Conciliation Board before taking steps that lead to hardships for everybody concerned, with the exception of the foreign gentleman who walks in and collars our trade when strikes or lock-outs are the order of the day in a home industry.

Whatever may be the merits, or otherwise, of the Yankee Market as a field for bullish speculation, there are two shares which seem to me decidedly cheap and likely to see quite good rises. One is United States Steel Corporation 7 per cent. Preferred, and the other is Union Pacific. The first has never had to go short of its full rate since the concern was floated, and, at a dollar or two below 120, the yield is six per cent. on the money. It is possible to conceive circumstances in which the dividend may have to be lowered; but, in view of the fact that the Common shares are in receipt of 5 per cent. dividends and that the Corporation is in a remarkably strong position in regard to the steel trade of the United States, I think the risk run, in proportion to the good yield obtainable, is comparatively slight. I should put Steel Preferred amongst the good second-grade investments, and Unions, of course, come into the speculative investment category. The Union Pacific is doing surprisingly well, considering how the earnings in some of the other Railroads are falling off, and it has to be borne in mind that the Company works at a low ratio of expense. The present dividend is at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum, giving a yield of about 6 per cent. on the money, but supposing the distribution to be reduced to 8 per cent., the return at 160 would be a round 5 per cent., with the prospect of a return to the higher figure. Saving a panic, or semi-panic, Unions look well worth about 150 at the very least, and considering the elasticity of the market in the shares, I can't help thinking they are a good bargain to mix with more staid securities paying a lower rate of interest.

Reverting to the Stock Exchange, if you should be in want of a clerk, and at the same time do not wish to be swamped with dozens of answers in reply to a projected advertisement, put the words "Hard work" at the end. It saves a lot of time and worry.

As I do not set up for even a minor prophet on Rubber, you will, I feel sure, pardon a long disquisition upon such fascinating speculations as the demand from America, the supply in America, the purchasing-power of America, the loans on the security of motor-cars in America, and that kind of thing. The common-sense view of the Rubber Market, as I take it, is that depression invariably follows boom, both in shares and in raw material, and that it takes time for things to find their normal level. What the normal level of rubber and rubber shares is I leave for the experts to fight out amongst themselves. In point of fact, the cultivation of rubber on a really large scale has never been attempted before, and even the planters themselves are, in a sense, novices at the game when it comes to scientific cultivation. Some say that the proper way to plant the trees is in rows; others declare that the trees must be in clumps. Where doctors differ, angels fear to rush in (I quote, of course, from memory), and I am not a doctor. But, seriously, the science of rubber cultivation is in its infancy, and meanwhile the price of the raw material is high enough to give the producing companies huge profits.

In October and November, when the next batch of dividends will be announced, it is difficult to see how the best companies can avoid the declaration of thumping profits; and people who grow timid as they see the market sag, sag, every day should console themselves with the hope of what the late autumn will produce in the shape of dividends. This is not to say that prices of the shares may not go lower; perhaps they will, for one seller makes other sellers, and there is nothing which disturbs the mind so much as to see a market steadily dwindle. Accordingly, it may be perfectly right to sell Rubber shares even now, in the hope

of getting them back again more cheaply later on; but, at the same time, this consideration is tempered, if not corrected, by the obvious fact that there are fat dividends to come for several half-years yet from the better class of the producing Companies, although the price for rubber itself may go on shedding a few pence one day and a few more the next, to the confusion of share-values and consequent disturbance of the peace of mind of the proprietor who has a stake in the industry. Thus and thus it appears to, let us say, **THE HOUSE HAUNTER.**

Saturday, Aug. 6, 1910.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DELTA.—Have nothing to do with the people whose book you send. The bonds can be bought at 25 per cent less cost through proper brokers. We advise you to employ N. Keizer & Co., 29, Threadneedle Street, for the purpose. The bonds are all right as long as you don't pay over market price for them.

S. S.—There is little or no market for the shares of the majority of the companies. The original company has been reconstructed many times and the shares are marketable, but we advise you to leave the whole thing alone at present. The enterprise may be a promising one, but it has been made to stink in the nostrils of the whole investing public by the people who have been associated with its inception and carrying on.

C. J. L. K.—Of the Rubbers we consider Nos. 1 and 7 worth holding. No. 2 we don't like, and of the rest know little, except that the market is very limited.

THE VINE AND GENERAL RUBBER TRUST, LIMITED.

SO much has been heard of late of the planting of rubber "trees" in connection with the modern development of the industry since the boom began on the Stock Exchange, that most people will probably open their eyes in wonder when they are told that a large quantity of the material sold every year is extracted from wild rubber-vines, root rubber, and rubber bulbs, and is collected by the natives under the most primitive conditions and in the crudest manner.

This large quantity of rubber comes from Rhodesia, parts of Natal, the Belgian and French Congo, German East Africa, Mozambique, Nyassaland, Angolaland, Portuguese West Africa, Ashantee, the Ivory Gold Coast, Abyssinia, Madagascar, Nigeria, the Cameroons, and most of the Central American States—in short, from most of the tropics.

The primitive method of collecting rubber has, naturally, been improved upon as man has brought his ingenuity to aid him in working under more advantageous conditions. Thus, several machines have been invented to extract the rubber mechanically as well as to wash it. Pre-eminent among these machines is one patented by M. Guiguet, a Frenchman, who, when mining in the Congo, noticed the simple methods of the natives when engaged in collecting rubber, and saw that a large industry could be created by evolving a machine which would deal quickly and economically with the product.

Among the advantages of his machine are that it is made in sections, so that it can be easily transported, when the parts can be readily put together; that it is not costly, for it can be bought for about £600; that it can be moved about rapidly; and is so effective that, as the result of tests made in Madagascar, it has been proved able to extract 95 per cent. of the rubber in the vine bark at a cost of not more than a shilling a pound.

An option on this machine has been acquired by the Vine and General Rubber Trust, Limited, which has among its primary objects the extraction of rubber in forest areas where the wild vines grow naturally—thus saving the large expenses incidental to cultivation and labour, and financing and otherwise assisting in organising and promoting rubber industries and other companies or enterprises; hence its comprehensive name.

The reason for the Company's interest in the development of the wild vine industry is that the profits seem to be more than usually out of proportion to the risk taken, for the wild plant flourishes

They are all too new for particulars to be found in any books of reference. Of the mines, No. 11 is very promising, Nos. 9 and 10 would not suit us. No. 8 we know little about, but it is, we think, a bad egg. No. 12 you may hold. See answer to Pelham in our issue of Aug. 3.

TRURO.—Both the shares you name should be held.

W. B.—Hold No. 1. As to No. 2, it is a gamble. No. 3 we know little about, except that the price is 1½ premium for the 5s. shares. No. 4 is a fair purchase. The Debentures are quoted in the *Financial News*, and the price is about 6½.

LUB.—As to No. 1, we know very little. No. 2 should be sold at present high price, as should Nos. 5, 6, and 7. We would rather not advise as to Nos. 3 and 4.

C. L. S. E.—The Hydraulic Company is a solid concern which had a monopoly for years, but has suffered from electric competition. We hardly like to advise sale at present low price. The Railway you should hold till the report is out. You might even average, if traffics go for anything.

We have received from Mr. George Seaton his 19th Annual Table, containing an exhaustive analysis of the working for 1909 of fifty representative Indian Tea Companies, having an aggregate capital of about £11,000,000. The Table is, as usual, well done, and gives in a handy form the principal information required to estimate the investment value of nearly all the well-known and quoted shares. Briefly summarised, the crop has been increased in the last twelve months by 7½ million pounds, the cost of production has remained stationary at about 6.1 pence per pound, while the profit has risen from 1.56 to 2.06 pence per pound owing to the improved price fetched in this market. We wish Mr. Seaton would include a selection of the Ceylon Companies in his tables or publish separate ones dealing with that island.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Kempton Park Waterwillow may win the Bedfont Plate, Haurdina the Greenwood Handicap, Lady Frivoles filly the International Plate, Tran the Round Course Handicap, Fireball the Maiden Plate, and Willonyx the St. James's Stakes. At Redcar, the following may win: Coatham Handicap, Mistrella; Upleatham Welter, Envy; Thirty-Third Biennial, Charlemont; Redcar Stakes, Oliver Goldsmith; Redcar Welter, Sir Raymond; Breeders' Stakes, Cardinal Beaufort. At Windsor, Engagement may win the Castle Handicap, Queen Tii the Clewer Plate, Orpiment the Flying Handicap, and Anchora the August Handicap.

naturally without any other cultivation or trouble than opening out the forest in places, that the seedling vines may get more light and air for their more rapid growth. When cut, the vines grow so rapidly that they are ready to be cut again in from six to eight years. According to tests made in Madagascar by the French Forestry Service, and elsewhere by other experts, each ten-year-old vine is capable of yielding an average of 2½ lb. of dry rubber of such good quality, when extracted by the Guiguet machines, that it has been valued at from seven to eight shillings per pound.

One great advantage of exploiting wild vine-rubber is that the Company should be in a position to be exporting it within a year, and thus earning dividends for its stock-holders. With plantation rubber, a period of five or six years is needed before the rubber can begin to be gathered.

That the public appreciates this advantage is shown by the fact that at the statutory General Meeting of the Vine and General Rubber Trust, Limited, held a few days ago, it was stated that the total number of shares allotted is half a million ten per cent. Participating Preference shares, on which a call of five shillings per share had been paid, the cash received at the date of the report amounting to £117,894 7s. 6d.

At the present time, the Company has 15,000 lbs. of wild rubber on the way from Madagascar, and one consignment may arrive any day. This, although the Madagascar Company was not organised until last February, and, as a pioneer company, it had to put up with many delays before the machinery could be built and shipped thither. Now it has ten Guiguet machines at work. These have cost, in round figures, £10,000. On a conservative basis, they should earn £40,000 a year, or a return of 400 per cent. on the capital laid out. Even if this brilliant result is not achieved, there yet remains the profit to be made by clearing with the dirty native rubber bought from the natives. Their labour is, naturally, cheap, and a sufficient supply of it is bound to be forthcoming, for a hundred and twenty of them can cut more rubber vines than the machines can handle.

That the Company's prospects are rosy will be admitted when it is remembered that, as was stated at the meeting, a profit of £10,000 in cash and nearly £92,000 in shares has already been made. The Company has, too, interests in many flotations connected with wild vine-rubber, and has acquired options in other companies which have an interest in hundreds of square miles of territory in various parts of the world. Its largest negotiation is one, in hand, involving an area of 28,000 square miles in Portuguese East Africa.

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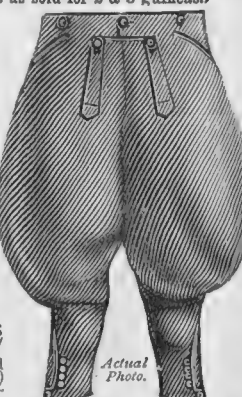
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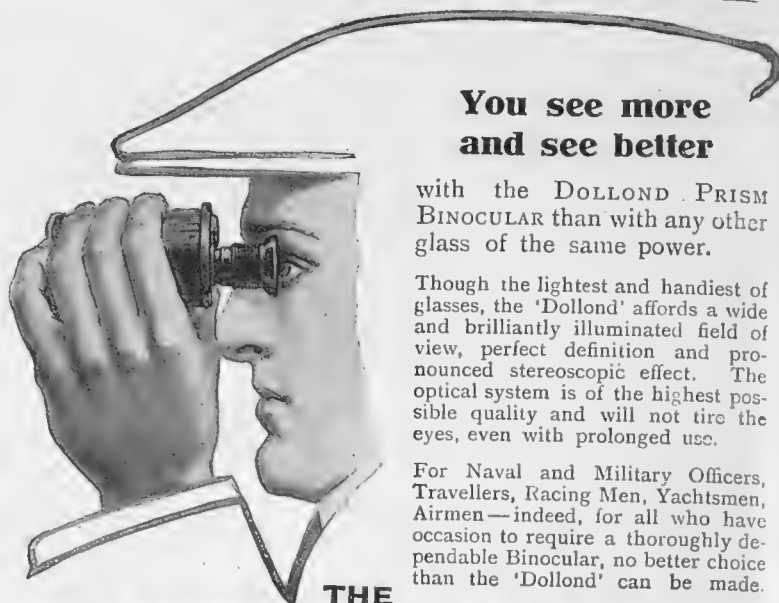
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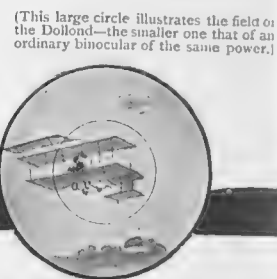
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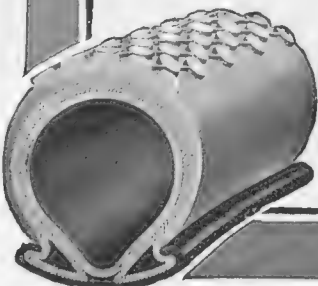
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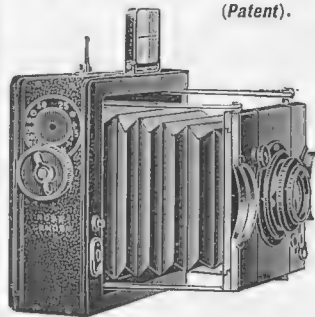
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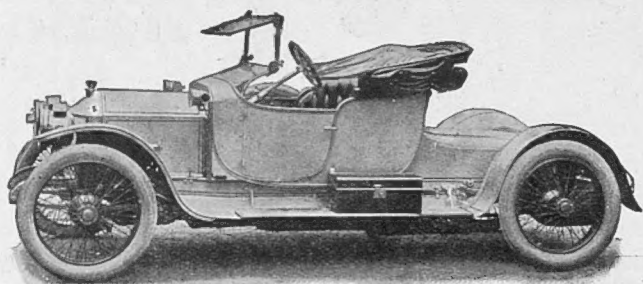
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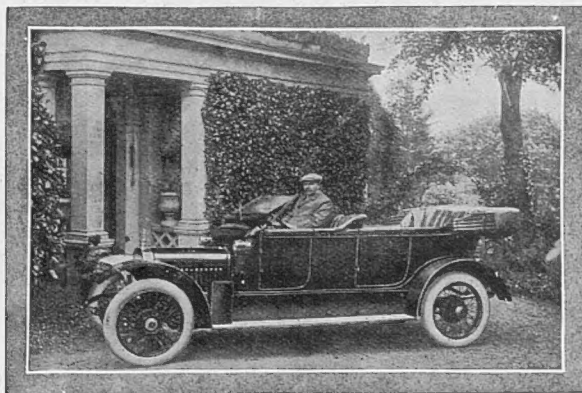
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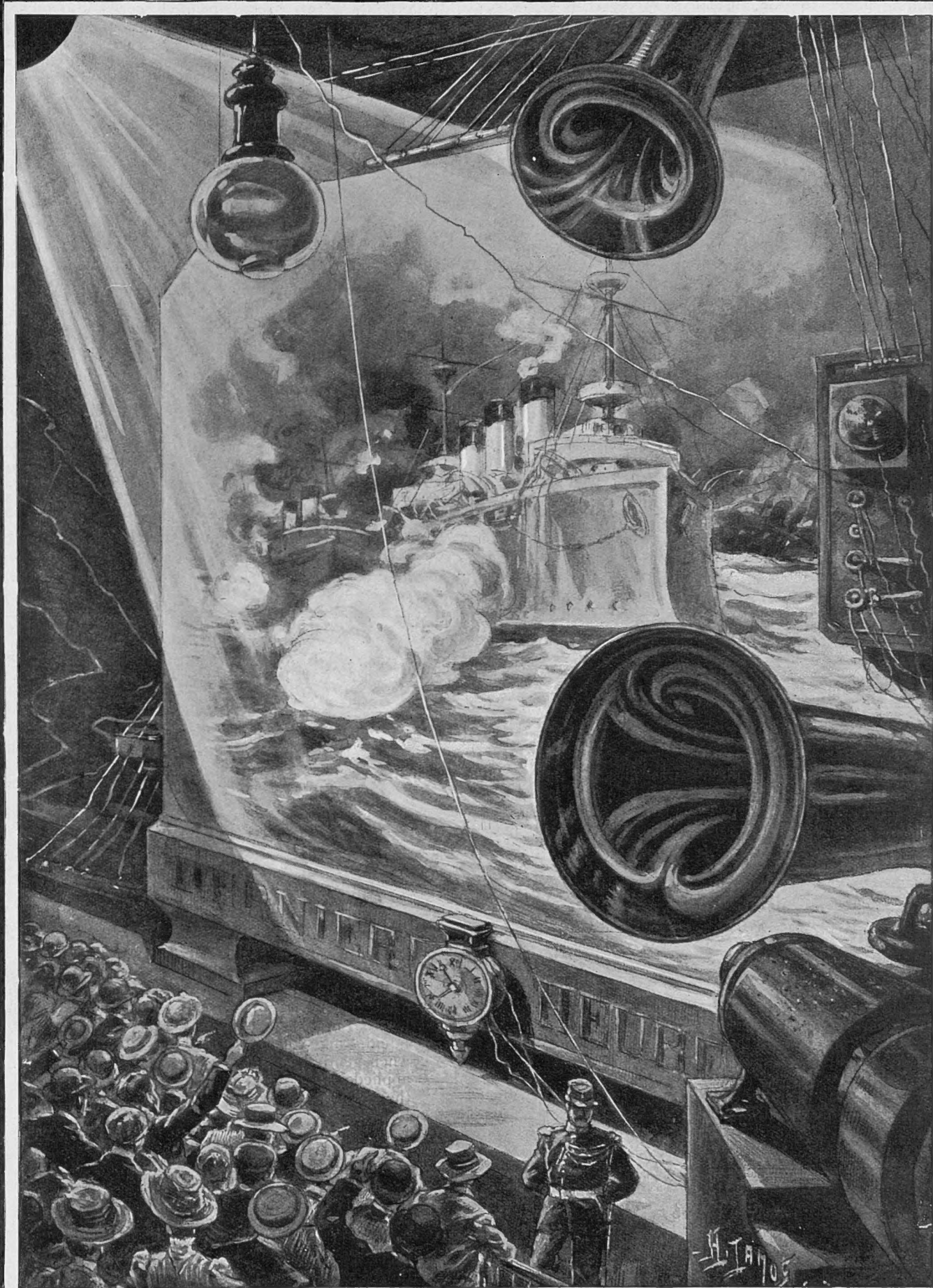


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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"The Lost Halo."

By PERCY WHITE.
(Methuen.)

A brother and sister—he a fanatic, uncomfortable and discomforting, after the manner of fanatics; she a beautiful pagan; and the uncanny results of two falls on the head, are the interesting subjects of Mr. White's latest story. A bootmaker and his wife, who take life and parentage and the shop seriously, launch these two young people on careers outside home waters. Alf, the younger, by the help of a chapel member gets a scholarship and goes to College. Delia spends her radiant girlhood in high-class finishing schools at Paris and Worthing. When Alf returns home to the dismal Notting Hill street he is appointed minister to the chapel, and the halo begins to grow luminous when, instead of pleasing his patron, who was quite the most powerful Bible Independent, by "dressing down the Lords" in his first sermon, he pleads for a high mystical communion with God, such as the followers of St. Francis of Assisi might have preached in the twelfth century among Perugian vineyards. And it is somewhat to the embarrassment of the B.I.s who like "their rainbows solid." When his sister gets a post in town as governess to Lady Revel's daughters, and would fain throw a veil over the boot-shop, the halo flashes lightning threats on her prospects of "getting on." A little dazzled himself by its brilliance, marriage with his patron's daughter is firmly refused; he brings to a conclusion an intimate religious study called "My God and I," and, run down by the fierce life of his spirit, goes to pick up his body at Brighton. But there he slipped on the rocks and hit his head; and the next Sunday he quoted "The Lotus Eaters" and refused to go to chapel. Worse things were to follow. Cynicism and greed and vulgar ambitions grow at the pace of weeds in the garden of his soul, and vine-leaves, even, twine themselves where the halo used to shine. On one such occasion he walked in the alluring darkness of a garden. "Some strange magic was in the wind. How gently it supported him! Stretching his arms horizontally, he seemed afloat on it, and for a moment hung, his pale face vaguely smiling at the stars, in precarious balance, till"—he fell and struck his head. Awakening, he grew aware of a merciful change. Happiness filled his soul, and conscience, once more awake and fit, soon wrecked his sister's marriage, his fiancée's love, his parents' hopes. After a touching address to the Bible Independents, he ships to America as an independent monk, assured that the glamour of his eloquent spiritual expression is simply the Devil's temptation for him. Searching wit and gay criticism play round this little drama. The obscure sectarians and their squalid temple are drawn with the same humour as the literary societies

and the pretty drawing-rooms of the well-born; the same sympathy tracks the spiritual enthusiast and the beautiful pagan of a Delia, whom we all love, and rejoice to leave happy in spite of the brother and the boot-shop. The politics are very much up to date.

"The Peer and the Woman."

By E. PHILLIPS
OPPENHEIM.

(Ward, Lock, and Co.)

There are some things of so determined a character that the world, which is a trustful one, takes them on trust. Of such are the works of Mr. Phillips Oppenheim. They are as regular and as reliable as the morning's milk. A murdered Earl in his mansion, a murdered woman in obscure Bethnal Green—one can almost hear the click with which the slides are changed, and the machinery turns to bring these two strongly painted scenes into relation with each other by secret marriages, forged certificates, duels, dreams, and trinkets. Let it be said that Labour Members should abstain. Their joy over the apparent crime and immorality of the murdered Peer would receive too rude a check when nothing remains but the treachery of a worthless woman. Indeed, the stain on the scutcheon proves to be a wild fancy of Mr. Oppenheim's own; and so much agony is bred by the way that it grows imperative to watch him come "Cut thread and thrum; quail, crush, conclude, and quell!" Being Mr. Oppenheim, with some thirty similar situations behind him, needless to add that he extricates himself and everyone admirably. "Extremely stretched," perhaps, as the master of the revels might say, but let the audience look to their eyes.

"Ragna."

By ANNA COSTANTINI.
(Greening.)

It must be admitted that Ragna was a very unfortunate young woman. Miss Costantini's 350 pages are a witness to her misfortunes. A cat may look at a king, but it is inadmissible for a little Norwegian schoolgirl to fall in love with a Prince on her way home from the convent. She scarcely went so far, yet far enough to find herself in that unpleasant situation so familiar to novel-readers. In Venice, where she was travelling with sternly conventional friends, she asks a doctor for a tonic, not feeling well; and he tells her, as best he may, the real nature of her malady. It was unfortunate that the man whom she accepts as a compromise with her world should prove a fortune-hunter of a peculiarly low type. It was again unfortunate that the fortune never came. Her little son—and the Prince's—is followed by another of the legitimate union, but matters only grow worse, and when she seems doomed to the last insult and humiliation, the real love comes. The author uses an instinct so strong that it can scarcely be overtaxed to redeem her from that final error. And though one says of the misery, "This is too much for beauty," it is, perhaps, not too much for life.

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Antexema instantly relieves and then cures

Consider these two or three plain questions. Does your skin get red, rough, and chafed easily? Have you spots, pimples, or blackheads on your face, or a rash or breaking-out in any part of your body? Are you suffering from skin irritation or eczema on your face, arms, legs, back, or chest? Are there any other signs that your skin is at all unhealthy or is needing attention? If so, there is good news for you. Your trouble can be cured and all your discomfort ended. Antexema will take your skin trouble away like magic and render the skin clear, healthy, and spotless.

If your skin is in perfect health, you are to be congratulated, but it is of the greatest importance to notice the first signs of unhealthiness of the skin. Even now, possibly, you are suffering from symptoms of some skin trouble, and these will quickly disappear if you use wonder-working Antexema. Not only so, but the moment Antexema touches the bad place all irritation immediately stops, and

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was pitiable, but nowadays a perfect cure is within the reach of all. It does not matter whether the face, scalp, hand, neck, arm, leg, back, or chest is affected, Antexema will take away the trouble. Skin disease may have lasted for years, and resisted medical and other treatment, but Antexema will conquer the trouble and give you a clear, healthy, spotless skin once again.



Rashes, eruptions, and eczema disappear when Antexema is used.

by a sort of invisible artificial skin, which protects it from dust, injury, and the germs of blood-poisoning, and lockjaw.

Why be disfigured, tortured, and humiliated by skin illness? These words perfectly describe the misery endured by skin sufferers. Nothing can be more exasperating

to a sensitive mind than to know that everyone you meet is noticing some breaking-out or blemish on your skin. Nothing is so disfiguring as a skin which is red, rough, pimply, or scurfy, or which has upon it an angry-looking eruption, and certainly nothing worries or torments the sufferer like the itching of eczema or some other irritating skin ailment. Why put up with misery when cure is easy and certain?

E. G., of Easingwold, writes, "I have given Antexema a fair trial and find it a great relief in eczema, from which I have suffered for eighteen years. I have had a great many other treatments, but all failed, and doctors could do nothing for me. Antexema has cured my face, and I owe you a deal of thanks."

Why not try Antexema?

Why continue to suffer from a bad leg, eczema, nettlerash, or have your skin disfigured when, by using Antexema, you can be freed from every annoyance? Remember, always, that the one and only certain cure for skin troubles is the Antexema treatment. To attempt to cure yourself by using anything else but Antexema is to waste time and suffer disappointment. Start with the one right remedy, and then you are certain to gain immediate relief and rapid cure, and to remain cured.

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